

THE
FAYRE
MAIDE OF THE
EXCHANGE:

TOGETHER,
WITH THE MERRY
HYMOVRS, AND PLEA-
SANT PASSAGES OF
THE CRIPPLE OF
FANCHURCH.

Furnished with varietie of dele-
ctable Mirth.



LONDON,

Printed by J. L. and are to be sold at the signe of
the *Cripple* in *Field Church-yard*,
1629.

F A Y R E

MAIDE OF THE

EXCHANGE

TOGETHER

WITH THE MERRY

HYMNS, AND THE

SANCTUARY

OF THE

WARRIORS



THE LIBRARY OF THE

Eleauen may easily acte this Comedy.

Berry an old man }
 Bobbington } for one.
 Gardiner }
 Officers. }
 Mall Berry } { for one.
 Flower an humour }
 Bennet (old man) } for one.
 Scarlet }
 Ralph }
 Cripple } { for one.
 Barnard }
 Flowers wife } for one.
 Vrsula }
 Boy }
 Anthony Golding } for one.
 gentleman }
 Ferdin. Gold. gent } for one.
 and Wood. }
 Franke Golding } for one.
 gentleman. }
 Bowdler an humour } for one.
 from gallies. }
 Phillis the faire } for one.
 Maide. }
 Fiddle the Clown. } { for one.

Prologus.

THe humble Socke that true Comedians weare,
Our Muse hath don'd, and to your far ring eyes,
In lowest Plaine-song doth lowly appeare,
Borrowing no colour from a quaine of Maier:
If your faire fauours cause her to rise,
Shee to the highest pitch her wings shall reare,
And prowd quothurnicke action shall denie,
To win your sweete applause shee deemes so deare.

Mean while shoue vp our tender pampling twig,
That yet on humble ground doth lowely lie,
Your fauours sunne shine shining once this spring,
It may yeeld *Nectar* for the gods on hie:
Though our Inuention lame, imperfect be,
Yet giue the Cripple stumpe for charitie.



The faire Maide of the Exchange.

Scene. 1.

Enter Scarlet and Bobbington.



VEN now the well-come twi-light
doth salute
Th'approaching night, clad in blacke
sable weedes.
Blacke as my thoughts, that harbour
nought but death,
Thefts, murthers, rapes and such like
damned actes,
The infant babes to whom my soule is nurse:
Come *Bobbington*, this starre-bespangled skie
Bodeth some good, the wether's faire and dry.

Bob. My scarlet-hearted *Scarlet*, galland blood,
Whose bloody deeds are worthy memorie
Of after ages, let me imbrace thee: so,
So, now me thinkes I fold a richer iemme,
Than wealthy *India* can afford to *Spaine*:
There lies my treasure, and within thy armes
Securitie that never breedeth harmes.

Scar. Brane resolution, I am proude to see
So sweet a graft vpon a worne-wood tree,
Whose iuyce is gall, but yet the fruite most rare:
Who wreakes the tree, if that the fruite be faire?
Therefore resolute, if we a booty get,
It bootes not whence, from whom, when, where, or what.

Bob. Well (God forgiue vs) heere lets take our stands,
We must haue gold although we haue no lands.

B

Enter

The faire Maide

Enter Phillis and Ursula.

Phil. Stay *Ursula*, have you those futes of Ruffes,
Those stomachers, and that fine peece of Lawne,
Marck'd with the Letters C C. and S.

Ursula. I haue.

Phil. If your forgetfulness cause any defect,
You'r like to pay for't, therefore looke vnto it.

Ursula. I would our iourney had as safe an end,
As I am sure my Ladies ruffes are heere,
And other wares which she bespoke of you.

Phil. Tis good; but stay, giue me thy hand my girle,
Tis somewhat darke, come, let vs helpe each other:
She past her word one of her gentlemen
Should meet vs at the bridge, and that's not farre,
I muse they are not come, I doe assure thee,
Were I not much beholding to her Ladiship
For many kindneses: *Mile-end*, should stand
This gloomie night vnvisited for vs.
But come, me thinkes I may discern the bridge,
And see a man or two, in very deed
Her word, her loue and all is honourable.

Bob. A prize yong *Scarlet*, Oh, a gallant prize,
And we are Pirots that will seaze the same
To our owne vses.

Scar. But hold man, not too fast:
As farre as I can gather by their words,
They take vs for my Ladies Gentlemen,
Who as it seemes should meet them on their way,
Then if thou saidst the word wee'de seeme those men,
And by those meanes withdraw them from their way,
Where we may rife them of what they carry,
I meane, both goods, and their virginities.

Bob. Tis well aduise, but *Scarlet*, giue me leave
To play the Gentleman and welcome them.

Scar. Inioy thy wish.

Bob. Welcome you sacred starres,
That adde bright glory to the fable night.

Scarlet. Excellent, by heauen.

Bob.

of the Exchange.

Bob. I am sorry your beaurie's so discomfited,
Treading so many tedious weary steps,
And we not present to associate you.

Scar. Oh, blessed *Bobbington*.

Phil. Sir, I doe thanke you for this taken paines,
That as your worthy Lady promise me,
We now inioy your wished companie.

Scar. Shee's thine owne boy, I warrant thee.

Bob. And I am prowd, too prowd of this imployment,
Come *M. Scarlet* take you that pretie sweet,
You see my Ladies care; she promise one
But hath sent two.

Phil. Tis honourably done.

Bob. This is your way.

Phil. That way, alas sir no.

Bob. Come, it is: nay then it shall be so.

Phil. What meane you Gentlemen?

Vrsu. O he will rob me.

Phil. Looke to the boxe *Vrsula*.

Phil. & Vrsu. Helpe, helpe, murther, murther.

Enter the Cripple.

Crip. Now you supporters of decrepite youth,
That mount this substance twixt faire heauen and earth,
Be strong to beare that huge deformitie,
And be my hands as nimble to direct them,
As your desires to waite mee hence to London.

Phil. & Vrsu. Helpe, helpe, heele rauish me.

Crip. My thinks I heare the sound of rauishment.

Phil. & Vrsu. Helpe, helpe.

Crip. Marry and will, knew I but where, and how.
What do I see?

Theeues full of lust beset virginities!

Now stirre thee cripple, and of thy foure legs

Make vse of one, to doe a virgin good:

Hence rauening cures: what, are you at a prey?

Will nothing satisfie your greedy chappes

But virgins flesh? Ile teach you prey on carrion, *Fight & beat*

Packe damned rauishers, hence villaines.

them away.

Phil.

The faire Maide

Phil. Thanks, honest friend, who from the gates of death
Hath set our virgin soules at libertie.

Crip. Glue God the glory that gaue me the power.

Phil. I doe, kinde Sir, and thinke my selfe much bound
To him above, to thee that treads this ground,
And for this aid, Ile euer honour thee;
My honor you haue sau'd redeem'd it home;
Which wer't not done, by this time had beene gone.

Crip. Hereafter more of this; but tell me now
The cause of these euents, the effe^t, and how.

Phil. Ile tell you sir; but let vs leaue this place.
And onward on our way.

Enter Scarles and Bobbington.

Bob. It shall be so, see where they walke along,
Ile crosse the other way and meet them full,
Keepe thou this way, and when thou hearst vs char,
Come thou behinde him snarch away his crutches,
And then thou knowst he needs must fall to ground,
And what shall follow leaue the rest to mee. *Exit. Bobb.*

Scar. About it then.

Crip. Y faith she is an honourable Lady,
And I much wonder that her Ladiship
Gives intertaine to such bad men as these.

Enter Bobbington.

Bob. Stand thou that hast more legs than nature gaue thee.

Crip. Mongrell, ile choose.

Scar. Then go to sir, you shall.

All, All, Murder, murder.

Enter Franks Goulding.

Frank. Stay there my horse;

Whence comes this eccho of extremitie?

All. Helpe, helpe.

Frank. What doe I heare, a virgin call for helpe?
Hands off dam'nd vilaines, or by heauen I sweare,
Ile send you all to hell.

Fight and drins them away.

Crip. Hold, forbear.

I came in rescue of Virginitie.

Phil. He did, he did, and freed vs once from thrall.

But

of the Exchange.

But now the second time they wrought his fall.

Frank. Now you distressed objects, do you tell
Vpon what mount of woe your sorrowes dwell.

Phil. First get we hence away, and as we goe,
Kinde gentleman, our fortunes you shall know.

Crip. Thanks worthy sir, may but the Cripple be,
Of power to gratifie this courtesie,
I then shall thinke the heauens fauour me.

Phil. No more now for Gods sake, let vs hence.

Crip. If I doe liue, your loue Ile recompence. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mal Berris.

Mal. **N**OW for my true-loues hand-kercher, these flowers
Are pretie toyes, are very pretie toyes:
O but me thinks the Peascod would doe better,
The Peascod and the Blossome, wonderfull!
Now as I liue, ile surely haue it so.
Some maides will chuse the Gilliflower, some the Rose,
Because their sweet cents doe delight the nose,
But very fooles they are in my opinion,
The very worst being drawn by cunning art,
Seemes in the eye as pleasant to the heart.
But heer's the question, whether my loue or no
Will seeme content? I, there the game doth goe:
And yet ile pawne my head he will applaude
The Peascod and the flower, my pretty choice.
For what is he louing a thing in heart,
Loues not the counterfeite, though made by art?
I cannot tell how others fancie stand,
But I reioyce sometime to take in hand,
The simile of that I loue, and I protest,
That pretty pescod lik: smy humor best.
But ile vnto the Drawers, heele counsell me,
Heere is the shop: alas, what shall I doe?
Hee's not within, now all my labor's lost,
See, see, how forward loue is euer crost,
But stay, what Gallant's this?

The faire Maide

Enter M. Bowdler.

Bow. A plague on this Drawer, hee's neuer at home:
Good morrow sweet-heart, tell me, how thou dost?

Mal. Vpon what acquaintance? (say, Amen.

Bow. That's all one, once I loue thee, giue me thy hand and

Mal. Hands off, fir Knaue, and weare it for a fauor.

Bowd. What? dost thou meane thy loue pretie foole?

Mal. No foole, the knaue, O grosse;
A gentleman and of so shallow wit!

Bowd. I know thou canst to the Drawer.

Mal. How then?

Bowd. Am not I the propperer man?

Mal. Yes, to make an asse on.

Bowd. Will you get vp and ride?

Mal. No, ile lackey by his side, and whip the asse.

Bowd. Come, come, leaue your iesting, I shall put you down.

Mal. With that face! away you want-wit.

Bowd. By this hand, I shall.

Mal. By the asse-head you shall not.

Bowd. Go to, you are a woman.

Mal. Come, come, ye are a man.

Bowd. I haue seene as faire.

Mal. I haue heard as wise.

Bowd. As faire as *Mal Berry*.

Mal. As wise as yong *Bowdler*. *Bowd.* As *M. Bowdler*.

Mal. Hoida; come vp. *Bowd.* Go thou down then.

Mal. No good asse, bate an Asse of that.

Enter Barnard.

Bar. What *M. Bowdler*, will it nere be otherwise?
Still, still a hunting, euery day wenching?

Bowd. Faith sir, the modest behavior of this Gentlewoman,
Hath insinuated my company.

Mal. Lord, how eloquence flows in this Gentleman!

Bowd. Faith, I shall put you downe in talke, you were best

Mal. No sir, I will hold out as long as I may, (to yeeld.
Though in the end you beare the foole away.

Bowd. Meane you by me? you gull me not?

Mal. No by this night, not I.

Bowd.

of the Exchange.

Bowd. For if you did, I would intoxicate my head.

Mall. Yea, I dare sware you'le goe a foole to bed.

Bowd. Meane you by mee? you gull me not?

Bar. No, I dare sweare the Gentlewoman meanes well.

Mall. And so I doe indeed, himselfe can tell:

But this it is, speake Maidens what they will,

Men are so captious the'ile euer conster ill.

Barn. To her fir, to her, I dare sware she loues you:

Bowd. Well then faire *Mall*, you loue me as you say.

Mall. I neuer made you promise, did I, I pray?

Bowd. All in good time you will doe, else you lie,

Will you not?

Mall. No for-sooth not I.

Bowd. *Barnard*, shee gullles me still:

Barn. T'is but your mis-conceit, try her againe:

You know by course all women must be coy,

To her againe, then she may happely yeeld.

Not I, in faith.

Mall. Then mine shall be the field:

Wisedome, adue, once more faint heart farewell;

Yet if thou seest the Drawer, I prethee tell him,

Mall Berry hath more worke for him to doe,

And for your selfe, learne this when you doe woe,

Arme you with courage, and with good take heede,

For he that spares to speake must spare to speede,

And so farewell.

Exit.

Bowd. Call her againe, *Barnard*.

Barn. Shee's too swift for me:

Why this is the right course of gullerie,

What did you meane hauing so faire an aime

So fondly to let slip so faire a game?

Bowdler, become a man for maidens will stand,

And then strike home, art thou not yong and lusty,

The minion of delight, faire from thy birth,

Adonis play-pheere, and the pride of earth?

Bowd. I know it, but a kind of honest blood

Tilts in my loynes, with wanton appetites,

Shee bad me doe a message to the Drawer,

And

The faire Maide

And I will doe it; there will come a day,
When *Humphry Bowdler*, will keepe holiday,
Then *Mall* looke to your selfe, see that you be sped,
Or by this light Ile haue your maideshead.

Lern. Spoke like a gallant, spoke like a gentleman, spoke
like your selfe:

Now doe I see some sparkes of manhood in you,
Keepe in that key, keepe in the selfe same song,
Ile gage my head youle haue her loue ere long. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, and Frank.

Frank. Wilt thou not tell me (brother *Ferdinand*)
Now by this light Ile haunt thee like a sprite,
Vntill I know whence springs this melancholy.

Ferd. O brother!

Thou art too yong to reach the depth of griefe,
That is immur'd within my hearts deepe closet,
A thousand sighes keepe daily centinell,
That beate like whirle-winds all my comfort backe,
As many sobbes guard my distressed heart,
That no reliefe comes neere to ayde my soule,
Millions of woes like bands of armed men,
Stop vp the passage of my sweet reliefe:
And art thou then perswaded that my wordes,
Can any comfort to my soule afford?
No, no, good *Frank*, decre brother then forbear,
Vnlesse with griefe in the yoaletake a share.

Fran. Griefe me no griefes, but tell me what it is
Makes my (sweete *Ferdinand*) thus passionate:
Ile coniure griefe, if griefe be such an euill,
In spite of Fortune, Fates, or any Deuill.

Ferd. Wilt thou not leaue me to my selfe alone?

Fran. Brother, you know my minde,
If you will leaue your dumpish melancholy,
And like my selfe banish that puling humour,
Or satisfie my expectation,
By telling whence your sorrow doth proccede

I will

of the Exchange.

I will not onely cease to trouble you;
But like a true skilfull Phisition,
Secke all good meanes for your recoverie.

Fer. Well brother, you have much importun'd me.
And for the confidence I haue in you,
That youle proue secret, I will now vnfold;
The load of care that presseth downe my soule:
Know then good *Franky*, loue is the cause hereof.

Frank. How, loue? why what's that loue?

Ferd. A child, a little little boy thats blind.

Frank. And be ore-come by him! plagu'd by him!
Driven into dumps by him! put downe by a boy!
Master'd by loue? O, I am mad for anger:
By a Boy! is there no rosemary and bayes in England
To whip the Ape? by a boy!

Ferd. I, such a boy as thou canst neuer see,
And yet ere long mayst feele his tyrannie:
Hee's not visible, yet aimes at the heart,
Woe be to those that feele his wounding darr;
And one of them I am. Wounded so deepe,
That in my passions I no meane can keepe:
Vnhappy time, woe to that dismall houre,
When loue did wound me with faire *Phillis* flowre:
O *Phillis*, *Phillis*; of flowers sweetest flower,
That euer garnish'd any princely bower:
Farewell, farewell, my woes will ne're remoue,
Till I inioy faire *Phillis* for my loue.

Exit.

Frank. Whats heere? *Phillis* and loue; and loue and *Phillis*;
I haue seene *Phillis*, and haue heard of loue;
I will see *Phillis*, and will heare of loue:
But neither *Phillis*, nor the power of loue,
Shall make me bond-slave to a womans becke.

Enter Anthony.

Who's here, my second brother male-content?
He stand aside and note his passions.

Ans. O loue, that I had neuer knowne thy power.

Frank. More louers yet! what the deuill is this loue?

The faire Maide

Anth. That these my wandring eyes had kept their flaps,
That I my selfe had still beepe like my selfe;
That my poore heart had neuer felt the wound,
Whose anguish keepes me in a deadly sound:
Oh how deluding dreames this night ore-past,
Drench'd my sad soule in pleasures floating sea!
Me thought I clasp'd my loue within my armes,
And circling her, sau'd her from threatning harmes.
Me thought there came an hundred in an houre
That sought to rob me of my sweetest flower:
But like a champion I did keepe her still
Within this circle, free from euery ill:
But when I wak'd and mis'd my *Philis* there,
All my sweete ioyes conuerted into feare.

Frank. What brother *Anthony*, at praiera so hard?
Tell me what saint it is thou innocates?
Is it a male, or female? howsoeuer,
God blesse thee brother, th'art in a good mind,
But now I remember me, thy saint is blind.

Anth. How, blind?

Frank. I brother, blind, I heard thee talke of loue,
And loue is blind they say.

Anth. I would it were as blinde as *Eben* night,
That loue had neuer hit my heart so right;
But what is loue in your opinion?

Frank. A voluntary motion of delight,
Touching the superficies of the soule;
A substance lesse diuine then is the soule,
Yet more then any other power in man
Is that which loues, yet neither is enforc'd,
Nor doth enforce the heart of man to loue:
Which motion as it vnbosemes a man,
So by the soule and reason which adorne,
The life of man it is extinguished,
Euen at his pleasure that it doth possesse.

Anth. Thus may the free-man iest at manacles,
The furre-clad citizen laugh at a storme,
These swartie Moores dining to gather pearle,

Challenge

of the Exchange.

Challenge the scalding ardor of the Sunne;
And aged *Nesler* sitting in his tent,
May tearme wounds sport, and warre but merriment,

Frank. Tis true, fore God it is, and now me thinks,
My heart begins to pittie hearts in loue:
Say once more, *Ambwy*, tell me thy griefes,
Let me haue feeling of thy passion,
Possesse me deeply of thy melting state,
And thou shalt see.

Amb. That thou wilt pittie me.

Frank. No by my troth, if euery tale of loue,
Or loue it selfe, or foole-bewitching beautie,
Make me crosse-arme my selfe, study ay-mees;
Desie my hat-band, tread beneath my feete
Shoo-strings and garters; practise in my glasse
Distressed lookes, and dry my liuer vp,
With sighes enough to win an argosie.
If euer I turne thus fantasticall,
Loue plague me, neuer picie me at all.

Enter Phillis.

Amb. Yonder she comes that holds me prisoner.

Frank. What? *Phillis*, The faire Maide of the Exchange?
Is she god *Cupids* iudge ouer mens hearts?
Brother, ile haue one venny with her tongue,
To breathe my wit, and iest at passion:
By your leaue Mistrisse *Flower*.

Phil. Your rude behaviour scarce offers you welcome.

Frank. I prethee tell me *Phillis*, I heare say,
Thou keepst loue captiue in thy maiden thoughts.

Phil. That is a thought beyond your reach to know.

Frank. But shall I know it? (fond,

Phil. On what acquaintance? then might you deeme mee
If (as you say) loue be at my command.

Frank. May not your friend command as great a matter?

Phil. Ile know him well first, for that friend may flatter.

Frank. Why, I hope you know me.

Phil. That's a question.

The faire Maide

Frank. Well, if you doe not, you shall before I stirre.
Know you yonder lump of melancholie,
Yonder bundle of sighes, yonder wad of grones?
The same and I were chickins of one broode,
And if you know him, as I am sure you doe,
Being his brother, you needs must know me too.

Phil. I partly haue a guesse of yonder Gentleman,
His name is Master *Golding* as I take it.

Ant. *Golding* I am, and thine sweete faire I am,
And yet not thine, but a most wretched man;
Thou know'st my cause of grieffe, my wound of woe:
And knowing it, why wilt thou see it so?
Put salues of comfort to my griefes vnrest,
So mayst thou heale my sore of heavinesse.

Frank. Hearke you faire maide, are you a Surgeon?
I prethee giue my brother *Anthony*
Somewhat to heale the loue sore of his mind,
And yet tis pitie that he should haue help:
A man as free as aire, or the Sunnes raies,
As boundlesse in his function as the heavens,
The male and better part of flesh and blood,
In whom was powrd the quintessence of reason,
To wrong the adoration of his Maker,
By worshipping a wanton female skirr,
And making Loue his Idol, sic todard, sic:
I am ashamed of this apostacie:
He talke with her to hinc'er his complaints.

Philis. a word in private ere you goe,
I loue yee sweete.

Phil. Sowre, it may be so.

Frank. Sowre, and sweete; that doth scarce agree.

Phil. Two contraries, and so be we.

Frank. A plague on this courting, come, weele make an end.

Phil. I am sorry for it since you seeme my friend.

Frank. I, but thou canst not weepe.

Phil. Then had I a hard heart.

Frank. How say you? come brother, now to your part.

Ant. At your direction: no, this merry glee,

Good

of the Exchange.

(Good brother) sortes not with my melancholie,
Lone couets priuate conference; so my sorrow,
Craueth your absence which I faine would borrow.

Frank. No maruell then we say that loue is blind,
If it still reuell in obscurity:

I will depart I will not hinder lone,

He wash my hands, fare-well sweet turtle done.

Exit.

Phil. I faith your brother is a proper man.

Frank. Whats your will with me.

Phil. Euen what you please.

Frank. Did you not call me backe?

Phil. Not, to my knowledge.

Frank. No, sbloud somewhat did, farewell, farewell.

Phil. He is a very very proper man.

Frank. I am in haste pray vrge me not to stay.

Phil. The man doth dote, pray God he hits his way.

Frank. Fore God ther's not a maide in all this towne,

Should sooner winne me; but my busines calls me:

Giue me thy hand, next time I meeets with thee,

Lesser intreaty shall woe my company.

Phil. Yfaith yfaith?

Frank. Yfaith, this was the hand, what meanes my bloud?

Doe I not blush, nor looke extreamly pale?

Is not my head a fire, my eyes nor heart?

Ha, art thou here? Ife cle thee lone I faith:

By this light, well *Via* farewell, farewell.

Exit.

Ambe. Now he is gone, and we in priuate talks.

Say, wilt thou grant me loue, wilt thou be mine?

For all the enterest in my loue is thine.

Phil. Your brother *Ferdinand* hath vowd as much:

Nay more, he swears what man so ere he be,

Presume to be corruall in his loue:

He will reuenge it as an iniurie.

And clothe the theeft in basest obloquie.

Ambe. I, is my brother my competitor?

He court my loue and will sollicite thee,

Were *Ferdinand* himselfe in company.

What saist thou to my sute?

The faire Maide

Phil. Time may doe much, what I intend to doe
I meane to pawse vpon.

Am. Let it be so;

If that my brothers hinderance be all,

He haue thy loue though by my brothers fall.

Exit.

Phil. Two brothers drownd in loue, I and the third

For all his outward habite of neglect,

If I iudge rightly if I did not dreame,

Hath dipt his foote too in Lones stalling streame.

Well, let them pleade and perish if they will;

Cripple mine heart is thine, and shall be still.

Exit.

Frank. I am not well, and yet I am not ill,

I am, what am I? not in loue I hope?

In loue? let me examine my selfe, who should I loue? who did
I last conuerse with, with *Philis*: why should I loue *Philis*? is
she faire? faith so so: her forehead is pretty, somewhat re-
sembling the forehead of the signe of the maideshead in, &c.
What's her haire? faith to Brandora wiars, there's not the
simile: it is likely yet that I am in loue? Whats next? her
cheekes, they haue a reasonable scarlet, neuer a Diars
daughter in the towne goes beyond her. Well, yet I am not
in loue. Nay, she hath a mole in her cheek too: *Venus* mole
was not more naturall; but what of that, I am *Adonis*, and
will not loue. Geo. *Venus* pardon me. Let vs descend: her
chinne, O *Helen*, *Helen*, where's, your dimple *Helen*? it was
your dimple that bewitcht *Paris*, and without your dimple
I will not loue you *Helen*, No, yet I am safe. Her hands lets
handle that, I saw her hand and it was lilly white, I toucht
her palme, and it was soft and smoothe: and then what then?
her hand did then bewitch me, I shall be in loue now out of
hand. In loue? shall I that euer yet haue prophan'd loue, now
fall to worship him? Shall I that haue ieausted at louers sighes
now raise while-windes? shall I that haue shotted ay-meets
once a quarter, now practise ay-meets euery minute? shall I de-
fie hat-bands, and treade garters and shoo-strings vnder my
foete? shall I fall to falling bands and be a ruffin no longer? I
must; I am now liege man to *Cupid*, and haue read all these
informations in his booke of statutes, the first chapter, page
willisme now, therefore, hat-band auant, ruffe regard your
selfe,

of the Exchange,

selfe, garters adoe, shoo-strings so and so, I am a poore enamorate, and enforce with the Poet to say, Loue overcome all, and I that loue obey. *Exit.*

Enter M. Flower.

Flow. Now afore God a very good conceit,
But too much sleepe hath ouer taken me,
The night hath plaid the swift-foote runne-away:
A good conceit, a very good conceit,
What *Fiddle*, arise *Fiddle*, *Fiddle* I say:

Enter Fiddle.

Fid. Heer's a fiddling indeed, I thinke your tongue be made of nothing but fiddlestrings, I hope the fiddle must haue some rest as well as the fiddle-sticke: well Crowde, what say yon to *Fiddle* now?

Flow. *Fiddle*, it is a very good conceit.

Fid. It is indeed, Master.

Flow. What dost thou meane?

Fid. To goe to bed again Sir.

Flow. No, *Fiddle*, that were no good conceit *Fiddle*,

Fid. What a fiddling doe you keepe, are not you ashamed to make such musicke, I hope sir, you will christen mee anew shortly, for you haue so worne this name, that ne're a wench in all the towne but will scorne to dance after my fiddle.

Flow. Well *Fiddle*, thou art an honest fellow.

Fid. That's more than you know Master.

Flow. Ile sweare for thee *Fiddle*.

Fid. Youle be damp'd then, Master.

Flow. I loue thee *Fiddle*.

Fid. I had rather your daughter lou'd me,

Flow. Tis a rare conceit ysaith,

Fid. I hold with you Master, if my yong mistresse would like so well of my musicke, that she would dance after no bodie's instrument but mine.

Flow. No *Fiddle*, that were no good conceit, (side

Fid. A shame on you, I thought you would not heare on this

Flow. *Fiddle*, thou toldst me, *M. Golding* was in loue with my

Fid. True master, therein you say well. (daughter.

Flow. And he intreats me to meet him at the barre in cheap
to talke concerning the match. *Fiddle*

The faire Maide

Fiddle. True, still maister.

Flo. And I haue sent for my neighbour *M. Berry* to beare me company.

Fiddle. True, all this is most naturall truth.

Flo. And now *Fiddle*, I am going on my way.

Fiddle. Nay thats alie, that hath marr'd all, was your conceipt so tirde you could tell troth no longer?

Flo. Why *Fiddle*, are we not going?

Fiddle. No indeede sir, we are not, we stand still, your conceit faile in that.

Flo. Forē God tis true, I am not ready yet: whats hee?

Enter Bobbington.

Bob. By your leaue sir, I would craue a word in secret sir.

Flo. At your pleasure, heere's none but my man *Fiddle*.

Fiddle: I sir, maister *Fiddle* is my name? sir *Lawrence Syre* was my Father.

Bob. Sir, this is my businesse, my name is *Racket*, I haue a ship of my owne vpon the river.

Flo. By your leaue sir, captaine *Racket* is your name.

Bob. Some call me so indeede sir.

Flo. It is a good conceit, I pray proceede.

Bob. Sir, I am now bound to sea, and wanting some mony for the better furnishing of my wants.

Flo. O you would borrow mony of me.

Bob. Thats my sute indeed.

Flo. Thats no good conceit.

Bob. Na, heare me sir: if you will supply me with ten pound till my retorne from *Barbery*, I will leaue in your hands a diamond of greater value than the mony.

Flo. A Diamond, it is a Diamond, or but a counterfet.

Fiddle. my spectacles.

Bob. Tis right, assure you sir.

Flo. Then it is a good conceit: my spectacles.

Fiddle. Heere sir.

Flo. Where sir?

Fiddle. You cannot see maister, but I can.

Flo. O tis good, it is a good conceit: well sir, renne pound; You are content if at three months end,

You

of the Exchange.

You bring me not ten pound in English coine,
This diamond shall be my proper owne.

Bob. I am fir, shall I receiue the money now?

Flow. I, heere it is, and tis a good conceit.

Will you goe neere fir? *Fiddls*, make him drinke.

Fiddls. Will you approch canalliero, if I speake not in season, tis because I was neuer in the salt country, where you Sea Captaines vse to march.

Bob. You are very eloquent fir, ile follow you.

Fiddls. Let me alone then for leading my men.

Exeunt Bobbington and Fiddls.

Flow. A diamond worth forty for tennne pound,
If he returne not safe from *Barbaris*,

Tis good, a very good conceit.

Enter M. Berry.

Berry. By your leaue Master *Flow.*

Flow. Welcome good Master *Berry*, I was bold to intreat
your company to speake with a friend of mine,
It is some trouble, but the conceit is good.

Berry. No trouble at all fir, shall we be going?

Flow. With all my heart fir, and as we goe,

He tell you my conceit, come Master *Berry.* *Exeunt.*

Enter at one doore Cripple, at the other Bowdler.

Bow. Well met my deere bundle of reu, well met.

Crip. As much to thee my humorous blossome.

Bob. A plague on thee for a dog, haue I found thee? I hate
thee not, and yet by this hand I could finde in my heart: but
firra, I was encountred.

Crip. Who became your baile?

Bow. Ye filthy dog, I was encountred by a wench I say.

Crip. In a wenches counter? I thought no lesse: what firra
didst thou lie in the Knights ward, or on the Masters side?

Bow. Neither, neither yfaith.

Crip. Where then, in the Hole?

Bow. By this hand *Cripple* ile bombaste thee!

Crip. My crutch you meane for wearing out my clothes.

Bow. Thy nose dogge, thy nose, a plague on thee, I care
not for thee, and yet I cannot choofe but loue thee.

The faire Maide

Sirra, *Mal Berry* was heere about worke thou hast of hers, hadst thou beene here to haue heard, how I spurred the wench with incantations, thou wouldst haue giuen me the praise for a ieafter.

Cripps True Master *Bowler*, I yeelde it you, I holde you for the absolutest ieafter; O mis take me not, I meane to iest vpon a iuggling gull, a profound seeing man of shallow wit, that Europe, na the world I thinke affords.

Bow. Well thou art a lew sirra, Ile cut out that venomous tongue of thine one of these dayes.

Cripps. Doe it in time, or Ile crush the heart of thy wit till I haue strain'd forth thy infectious humour to a drop yfaith.

Enter Mal Berry.

Bow. Heere comes my amorous vessell, ile boorde her yfaith: Well encountred *Mal*, how doest thou wench, how doest thou?

Mal. What's that to you Sir?

Bow. Why I aske thee in kindnesse.

Mal. Why then in kindnesse, you are a foole for asking.

Bow. Is the foole your livery?

Mal. Not so, for then you wearing that liuerie, would terme your selfe my foole.

Bow. Meaning me? you gull me not, if you doe?

Mal. What then?

Bow. O vile! I would take you downe.

Mal. Alas it wants wit, his wit is to narrow.

Bowler. Ile stretch my wit, but I will take you downe.

Mal. How, vpon the tenters? indeede if the whole peece were so stretcht, and very well beaten with a yard of reformation, no doubt it would grow to a goodly breadth.

Bow. By this hand.

Mal. Away you asse, hinder not my businesse.

Crip. Finely put off wench yfaith.

Mal. By your leave Master Drawer.

Cripps. Welcome Mistris *Berry*, I haue beene mindfull of your worke.

Mal. Is it done?

Crip. Yes, and heere it is.

Mal.

of the Exchange.

Mal. Heere is your money.

Cripple. Ere long ile visit thee againe,
I haue some ruffes and stomachers to draw.

Crip. At your pleasure.

Bow. By thy leaue *Mal.*, a word.

Mal. Away you bundle of nothing away. *Exit Mal.*

Crip. Shee hath a wit as sharpe as her needle.

Bowler. Alas, my selfe haue beene her whetstone with my
conference in th'Exchange any time these many yeares.

Crip. In th'Exchange / I haue walkt with thee there, before
the visitation of my legges, and my expence in timber, at the
least a hundred times, and neuer heard thee speake to a wench.

Bow. That's a lie, thou wert by, when I bought these gloues
of a wench.

Cripple. That's true, they cost thee an English shilling at a
word, may it followes in the text, that your shilling proou'd
but a harpet, and thou wert shamefully arraign'd for it.

Bow. Good, but I excuse my selfe.

Crip. True, that thou thoughtst it had bin a shilling, ma-
ry thou hadst neuer an other, nor so much as a shilling more
to change it. Thou talke in th'Exchange!

Bowler. Indeepe my best gift is in the morning when the
Maides visite my chamber, with such necessities as I vsually
buy of them.

Crip. O thou art one of those, that if an honest Maide be
sent to thy chamber with her Mistris goods, and returne as
honest and chaste as the Moone: Sirra, you are one of those
that will slander the poore wenches, by speaking liberally
of their pronenesse to loue; and withall, bragge how cheape
you haue bought their ware metaphorically, when indeede
they depart as honest as they came thither, and leaue you all
the day after to sigh at the sight of an ill bargaine.

Bow. When wilt thou spit out this serpents tongue of thine?

Crip. When wilt thou cast off this anticke garment of o-
stentation? do it, do it, or by the Lord I will presse thy va-
nities, and so anotomize the very bowels of thy absurdities,
that all the world shall take notice of thee for a foole, and
shunne thee as the pox or the pestilence.

The faire Maide

Enter Bernard.

Bern. Newes, newes, newes.

Bowd. Sweete rogue, what's the matter?

Bern. By Iesu the rarest dauncing in christendome.

Bowd. Sweet rascall, where? O doe not kill my soule
With such delayes, tell me kinde rogue, O tell me where it is.

Bern. At a wedding in Gracious streete.

Bow. Come, come, away, I long to see the man
In dauncing Art that does more then I can.

Bar. Than you sir! he liues not.

Bow. Why I vnderstand thee so.

Bar. You onely excepted, the world besides
Cannot afford more exquisite dauncers,
Then are now capting in that bridale house.

Bow. I will behold them, come crutch, thou shalt with vs.

Crip. Not I.

Bow. Downe dogge, ile haue thy company.

Crip. I haue businesse.

Bow. By this hand thou shalt goe with vs:

Crip. By this legge I will not.

Bow. A lame othe, neuer stand to that.

Crip. By this crutch but I will.

Bar. Come, you loose time, supper is done long since,
And they are now a dauncing.

Enter Master Berry and Fiddle

Berry. Stay Fiddle with thy torch. Gentlemen, good euen.

Bern. Master Berry!

Bow. Master Berry, I wish you well sir: Master Fiddle I
am yours for a congee.

Fiddle. After the French salutation I am yours for the like
courtesie.

Berry. Master Bernard, to morrow is your day
Of payment sir, I meane the hundred pound,
For which I haue your bond, I know tis sure,
You will not breake an houre, then if you please
To come to dinner sir, you shall be welcome.

Bern. Sir, I did meane to visite you at home,
Not to pay downe the money, but intreate

of the Exchange.

Two moneths for-bearance.

Ber. How / forbear my money?

Your reason, why I should forbear my owne?

Barn. You know at first the debt was none of mine,
I was a suretie, not the principall:
Besides, the money that was borrowed
Miscarried in the venture; my friend died,
And once already haue you prisoned me
To my great charge, almost my ouer-throw,
And some-what raise the debt by that aduantage;
These things considered, you may well forbear
For two moneths space, so small a summe as this.

Ber. How! I may forbear, Sir, I haue neede of mony:
I may indeede sit monilese at home,
And let you walke abroad spending of my coyne.
This I may doe, but sir you know my minde,
If you doe breake your day, assure your selfe,
That I will take the forfeit of your bond.

Crip. The forfeit of his bond!

Ber. I sir, the forfeit; tis no charitie
To fauour you that line like Libertines:
Heer's a Crew!

All. A crew, what Crew?

Ber. A crew of vnthrifts, carelesse dissolutes,
Licentious prodigalls, vilde tauern-tracers.
Night watching money-wasters, what should I call yee?
O I want words for to define you rightly;
But this I know, London ne're softred such
As *Barnard*, *Bowdler*, and this paltrie crutch.

Crip. And you want words sirra, ile teach thee words,
Thou shouldst haue come to euery one of vs
As thus: thou wretch, thou miser thou vilde slave-
And drudge to money, bond-man to thy wealth,
Apprentice to a penny, thou that hounds vp
The frie of silver pence and half-penies,
With shew of charitie to giue the poore,
But putst them to increase, where in short time
They grow a childs part, or daughters portion.

The faire Maide

Thou that inuents new clauses for a bond
To cousin simple plainenesse: O not a Dragon,
No, nor the diuels fangs are halfe so cruell
As are thy claws, thus, thus, thou shouldest haue railde
The forfeit of his bond, O I could spit
My heart into his face; thou blood bound that dost hunt
The deere, deere life of noble Gentrie.

Berry. Cripple, tis knowne I am an honest man;
But for thy wordes, *Barnard* shall fare the worse:
As for thy selfe.

Fid. Who he sir, neuer regard him, I know the vildest
thing by him, O tis abhominable!

Ber. Dost thou so *Fiddle*, speake, hold, take thou that, speake
of his shame, speake freely, ile protect thee.

Fid. I tell you sir, twill make your haire to stand on end, as
stiffe as a Rubbing-brush, to heare his villanies.

What, this you have giuen me?

Ber. A shilling *Fiddle*.

Fid. Haue you any skill in Arithmétique?

Ber. Why dost thou aske?

Fid. Sir, I would haue you to multiply; could you not make
this one shilling two or three? I would not be knowne to begge,
but if out of your cunning you can doe this tricke of multi-
plication, I shall speake the better.

Ber. Other's another shilling for thee, now let mee heare
what villanies thou canst charge the *Cripple* with.

Fid. So sir, this is multiplication, now sir, if you know the
Rule of addition you are an excellent Scholler: can you not
adde?

Berrey. What dost thou meane?

Fid. An other shilling sir.

Ber. There is another shilling, now *Fiddle* speake.

Fid. Why then attend you Hilles and Dales, and stones so
quicke of hearing, this *Cripple* is.

All. What is he villaine?

Fid. An honest man, as any is in all the towne.

Ber. An honest man!

Fid. I by this filner, and as good a fellow as euer went vp-
on

of the Exchange.

on foure legges, if you would multiply till mid-night, I would neuer speake other wise.

Ber. Fiddle, thou art a knave, and so is he :
Come let vs home, *Barnard*, loode to thy bond,
If thou doe breake thy day, I doe protest,
By you chaste Moone.

Fid. The chaste Moone, why the Moone is not chaste.

Ber. How prou'lt thou that?

Fid. Why sir, ther's a man in the middle of her, how can she be chaste then?

Ber. Then by my life I sweare, ile clap him vp
Where he shall see neither Sunne nor Moone,
Till I be satisfied the vtmost penny,
And so fare-well.

Exit.

Fid. Gallants good-nights; if time and place were in profperitie, I were yours for an houres societie, I must after you mulbery with my torch : adue deare hearts, adue.

Exit.

Bowd. Come *Barnard*, lets to the dancing, lets tickle it to
For to morrow thy heeles may be too heavy. (night.

Ber. Alls one; my heart shall be as light as fire.
Come shall we goe?

Bowd. Cripple, will you along?

Crip. My businesse stayes me heere.

Bowd. Fare-well then dogge of *Ifrast*, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Crip. Als one, my heart shall be as light as fire :
Sblood, were I endebedd a hundred pound,
My fortune faild, and fled as *Barnards* are,
Not worth a hundred pence as *Barnards* is :
I should be now deuising sentences
And Caueats, for posteritie to carue
Vpon the inside of the counter wall :
Therefore Ile now turne prouident ; Ile to my shop
And fall to worke.

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Yonder is his shop, O now you gods aboute:
Pitie poore *Phillis* heart, that melts in loue ;
Instruct the *Cripple* to finde out my loue,
Which I will shadow vnder the conceit.

The faire Maide

Of my intention for this peece of worke,
O teach him how to yeeld me loue againe,
A little little loue, a dramme of kind affection;
His many vertues are my true direction:
By your leaue M. Drawer.

Crip. Welcome Mistresse *Flower*, whats your pleasure?

Phil. My cause of comming is not vnknowne to you,
Here is bespoken worke which must be wrought
With expedition, I pray haue care of it;
The residue I referre to your direction:
Onely this hankercher, a yong Gentlewoman,
Wishd me acquaint you with her mind herein:
In one corner of the same, place wanton loue,
Drawing his bow shooting an amorous dart,
Opposite against him an arrow in a heart,
In a third corner picture forth disdain,
A cruell fate vnto a louing vaine:
In the fourth drawe a springing Lawrell tree,
Circled about with a ring of poesie: and thus it is:

Loue wounds the heart, and conquers still disdain,
Loue pitties loue, seeing true loue in paine;
Loue seeing Loue how faithfull Loue did breath,
At length impald loue with a Laurell wreath.

Thus you haue heard the Gentle-womans minde,
I pray be carefull that it be well done:
And so I leaue you, more I faine would say,
But shame forbids and calles me hence away.

Exit.

Crip. Sweet faire, I pittie, yet no reliefe
Harbors within the closet of my soule.
This *Phillis* beares me true affection,
But I detest the humor of fond loue:
Yet am I hoorely solicited
As now you see, and faine she would make knowne
The true perplexion of her wounded heart:
But modestie checking her forwardnesse
Bids her be still; yet she in similies

And

of the Exchange.

And love-comparisons, like a good Scholler
By figures makes a demonstration
Of the true love enclosed in her heart.
I know it well, yet will not tell her so,
Fancie shall neuer marry me to woe;
Take this of me, a yong man's neuer mar'd,
Till he by marriage from all ioy be bar'd.

Exit.

Enter Frank singing.

Frank. *To gods of Love that sits above, and pitty Lovers paine,
Looks from your thrones upon the moans, that I do now sustaine.
Was euer man thus tormentd with love?*

Song. *To little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her Garden alleys;
Goe pretie birds about her bowre,
Sing pretie birds she may not loathe,
Ah no, no thinks I see her frowne,
To pretie wantons warble.
Goe tell her through your chirping bills,*

*As you by me are bidden,
To her is easily knowne my love,
Which from the world is hidden:
Goe pretie birds and tell her so,
See that your notes straine not too low,
For still no thinks I see her frowne,
To pretie wantons warble.
Goe tune your voices harmonie,
And sing I am her Lover;
Straine lowd and sweet that every note,
With sweet content may moue her:
And shee that hath the sweetest voyce,
Tell her I will not change my choice,
Yet still no thinks I see her frowne,
To pretie wantons warble.*

*O slee, make haste, see, see, shee fallen
Into a pretie slumber,
Sing round about her rofie bed*

Fin

The faire Maide

*That waking she may wonder,
Say to her as her loue true,
That sendeth love to you to you?
And when you heare her kinde reply,
Returne with pleasant warblings,*

Anaunt delusion, thoughts cannot winne my loue;
Love, though diuine, cannot diuine my thoughts:
Why to the ayre then doe I idle here
Such heedles words farre off, and ne're the neere;
Hie thee yong *Frank*, to her that keepes thy heart,
There let sweet words, they sweeter thoughts impart.
But stay; here comes my melancholly brothers both,
He step aside, and heare their conference: *Exit aside.*

Anth. What? is my brother *Ferdinand* so neere?
He is my elder, I must needs giue place;
Anthony, stand by, and list what he doth say;
Hast calles me hence, yet I will brooke delay.

Ferd. Shall I exclaime gainst fortune and mishap,
Or raile on Nature who first framed me?
Is it hard chance that keepes me from my loue?
Or is this heape of loathd desforts his;
The cause that breeds a blemish in her eye?
I know not what to thinke, or what to say,
Onely one comfort yet I haue in store,
Which I will praefise though I ne're try more.

Anth. Oh, for to heare that comfort I doe long,
He turne it to a straine to right my wrong.

Ferd. I haue a brother riuall in my loue;
I haue a brother hates me for my loue;
I haue a brother vowes to winne my loue;
That brother too, he hath incest my loue
To gaine the beauty of my dearest loue,
What hope remains then to iuiuy my loue?

Anth. I am that brother riuall in his loue,
I am that brother hates him for his loue;
Not his but mine, and I will haue that loue,
Or neuer liue to see him kisse my loue;
What thou erst sayd, I am that man alone,
That will depose you bothe from loues throne;

of the Exchange.

I am that man, though you my elder be,
That will aspire beyond you one degree.

Ferd. I have no meanes of priuate conference,
So narrowly pursues my hinderer,
No sooner am I entred the sweet court
Of louely rest, my lones rich mansion,
But riuall loue to my affection
Followes me, as a soone enforced strawe,
The drawing vertue of a sable iear:
This therefore's my determination,
Within the close wombe of a sealed paper,
Will I right downe in bloody Characters,
The burning zeale of my affection:
And by some trusty messenger or other,
Conuey the same into my lones owne hand;
So shall I know her resolution,
And how she fancies my affection.

Ant. Yet subtil Fox, I may perchance to crosse you:
Brother, well met; whither away so fast?

Ferd. About affaires that doe require some haste.

Ant. Tis well done brother, you seeke still for gaine.

Ferd. But you would reape the harvest of my paine:
Farewell good brother, I must needs be gone,
I haue serious businesse now to thinke vpon:
Yet for I feare my brother *Antonie*,
He step aside and stand a while vnscene,
I may perchance discry which way he goes;
Thus policie must worke twixt friends and foes.

Ant. So, hee is gone, I scarcely trust him neither;
For tis his custome, like a sneaking foole,
To fetch a compasse of a mile about,
And creepe where he would be; well, let him passe,
I heard him say, that since by word of mouth
He could not purchase his sweet Mistresse fauour,
He would endeavour what his wit might doe
By writing, and by tokens; O tis good
Writing with inke; O no, but with his blood.
Well, so much for that, now I know his minde

The faire Maide

I doe intend not to be farre behinde:
Heele send a letter, I will write another,
Doe what you can, Ile be before you brother;
Ile intercept his letter by the way,
And as time serues the same I will bewray:
Mine being made, a Porter Ile procure,
That shall conuey that heart-inticing lure;
About it then, my letter shall be writ,
Though not with blood, yet with a reaching wit. *Exit.*

Ferd. And shall it so, good-brother *Antonius*?
Were you so neere when we in secret talk'd;
Wilt ne're be otherwise? will you dog me still?

Enter Frank.

Welcome sweete *Frank*; such newes I haue to tell,
As cannot chuse but like thee passing well:
Thou knowest my loue to *Philis*?

Frank. Brother, say on.

Ferd. Thou likewise art acquainted with my riuall,
And I doe build vpon your secrecie.

Frank. Sblood, and I thought you did not, Ile retire:
Brother you know, I loue you as my life.

Ferd. I dare professe as much, and thereupon
Make bold to craue thy furtherance, in a thing
Concernes me much.

Frank. Out with it brother;
If I shrinke backe, repose trust in some other.

Ferd. Then thus it is; my brother all in haste
Is gone, to write a letter to my loue,
And thinks thereby to crosse me in my sute,
Sending it by a Porter to her hand;
If euer therefore thou wilt aide thy brother,
Helpe me in this, who seekes helpe from no other. *(I may.)*

Frank. By the red lippe of that daintie saint, Ile aide thee all.

Ferd. It is enough; then brother Ile prouide
A Porters habite, alike in euery point,
Will you but so much humble your estate,
To pug your selfe in that so base appare,
And like so meane a person waite his comming,

About.

of the Exchange.

About his doore which will not be ere long
Thou shalt for euer binde me to thy loue.

Frank. Brother, tis a base taske, by this light,
But to procure a further force of loue,
He doot, yfaith I will sweete *Ferdinand*,
About it then, provide thee some disguise,
But see you stay not long in any wise,
Heere shall you finde me, goe, dispatch.

Ferd. For this ile loue thee euermore.

Frank. Meane time ile crosse your loue and if I can,
Heere's no villany betwixt vs three brothers:
My brother *Ferdinand* he would haue the wench,
And *Anthony* he hopes to haue her too:
Then what may I faith hope well, as they doe.
Neither of them know that I loue the Maide;
Yet by this hand I am halfe mad for loue.
I know not well what loue is, but tis sure,
He die if I haue her not, therefore
Good brothers mine beguile you one an other,
Till you be both guld by your yonger brother.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. Heere is a Porters habite, on with it brother.

Frank. Your hand then brother for to put it on,
So now tis well, come brother, whats my taske?

Ferd. This first, that thou make haste to *Anthony's*,
Aske for a burden and thou shalt be sure
To haue his letter to my deare loue *Phillis*,
Deliuier it not, but keepe it to thy selfe,
Till thou hast giuen this paper to her hands,
Whose lines doe intimate thy chaste desires:
This is the summe of all, good *Frank*, make hast,
Loue burnes in me, and I in loue doe waste.

Exit.

Frank. Waste still, but let me in my loue increase.
Now would not all the world take me for a porter?
How strangely am I metamorphosed?
And yet I neede not be ashamed neither,
Ioue when his loue-escapes he attempted euer
Transformd himselfe, yet euer sped in loue,

The faire Maide

Why my not I then in this strange disguise?
This habit may prooue mighty in lones power,
As beast, or bird, bull, or swanne, or golden shewe:

Enter Anthony.

Amb. Within the centre of this paper square,
Have I wrote downe in blondy characters,
A pretty poesie of a wounded heart,
Such is lones force once burst into a flame,
Doe what we can we cannot quench the same,
Vnlesse the teares of petty moue compassion,
And so quench out the fire of affection,
Whose burning force heates me in euery vaine,
That I to Loue for safety must complaine:
This is my Orator whose dulcet tongue
Must plead my lone to beauteous *Philis*.
Now for a trusty messenger to be
Imployd heerin betwixt my lone and me,
And in good time I see a Porter nie,
Come hither fellow, dwelst thou heere about?

Frank. Sir, my abiding is not farre from hence.
And trusty *Iohn* men call me by my name,

Amb. Canst thou be trusty then, and secret too,
Being imployd in weighty businesse?

Frank. Sir, I was neuer yet disproou'd in either:

Amb. Then marke me well, in Cornhill by th'Exchange,
Dwells an old Marchant, *Flower* they call his name,
He hath one onely daughter, to whose hands,
If thou conueniently canst giue this letter,
He pay thee well, make thee the happiest Porter
That euer vndertooke such businesse.

Frank. Sir, giue me your letter, if I doe it not,
Then let your promise fauour be forgot.

Amb. *Anthony Golding* is my name, my friend,
About it then, thy message being done
Make haste to me againe, till when, I leaue thee,

Exit.

Frank. And so fare thee well louing brother,
It had bin better you had sent some other.
Let me consider what is best be done,

Shall

of the Exchange.

Shall I deliuer his letter? No:
Shall I conuey it to my riual brother? Nor for
Shall I teare the same? No not for a million:
What shall I then doe? marry like a kinde brother,
Open the booke, see what is written there,
It nought but loue, in loue haue thou a share.
Brother, by your leave I hope youle not deny,
But that I loue you: God bleſſe my eye-sight,
A Sonnet tis in verse, now on my life
He hath perusde all the impressions
Of Sonnets since the fall of Lucifer,
And made some scurvy quaint collection
Of fustian phrases, vplandish wordes.

A Letter.

Faire glory of vertue, thy enuomate
Pleades loyally in pure affection,
Whose passion Loue doe thou exonerate,
And he shall live by thy protection
Nor from thy loue shall he once derogate,
For any soul vnder this horizon,
Yield thou to loue, and I will faile in neither,
So loue and truth shall alwayes line together.

Thurs/ deuided, Anthony Goldings.

Before God, excellent good Poetry,
Shloud what meanes he by this line?
For any soule vnder this horizon?
No matter for his meaning, meane what he will,
I meane his meaning shall not be deliuered,
But for my other trust my other letter,
That shall come short too of fair *Phillis* hands,
There is a Cripple dwelling here at hand,
Thats very well acquainted with the Maide,
And for I once did rescue them for thieves,
Swore, if he liude, he would require that kindness,
To him I will for counsell, he shall be.
My tutor by his wit and pollicie.

End.

Shew.

The faire Malde

*Enter Boy in a Shop cutting of square parchments,
to him enter Philis.*

Phil. Why how now sirra, can you finde nought to doe,
But waste the parchment in this idle sort?

Boy. I doe but what my Mistris gaue in charge.

Phi. Your Mistris' in good time: then sir it seemes
Your dutie cannot stoope but to her lewre:
Sir, I will make you know, that in her absence
You shall account to my demand, your Mistris
And your Mistris will is thus, and thus youle doe:
But answere to the motion I haue made,
Or you shall feele you haue another Mistris now:
Speake, why when I say?

Boy. Inderde I know your glory,
Your prid's at full in this authoritie:
But, were it not for modest bashfulnesse,
And that I dread a base contentious name,
I would not be a by-word to th'Exchange,
For euery one to say (my selfe going by)
Yon goes a vassall to authoritie.

Phil. You would not sir: had I the yeard in hand,
Ide measure your pate for this delusion,
And by my maiden chastitie I sweare,
Vnlesse *Reach for the yeard, and the boy flay her back.*

Boy. What vnlesse! I know your wilfulness,
These words are but to shew the world your humour:
I often vse to square these parchment peeces
Without occasion: I am sure you are not witting
The Lawnes you late bought of Master *Brookes*,
Are new come home, brought by the Merchants seruant:
I know you are short membred, but not so short
Of your remembrance, that this is newes to you.

Phil. Y'are best to braue me in a taunting humour,
Wilt please you ope the doore? where's *Isula*?
Oh heere's good stiffe, my backe's no sooner turn'd
But she must needs be gadding, and where I pray?

of the Exchange.

Boy. Shee's gone to *M. Pavers* on th'other side.

Phil. On great occasions, sir, I doubt it not.

Sit and worke in the shop.

Enter M. Richard Gardiner booted, and M. William

Bennet, two Gentlemen, at one end of the stage.

Ben. Kinde *Dick*, thou wilt not be vnmindfull of my dutie
To that same worthy Arts-master, *Lyonell Bennet*.

Gard. Thy loue, sweet *Will*, hath chainde it to my memory.

Ben. Then with this kinde imbrace I take my leaue,
Wishing thou wert as safe arriv'd at *Cambridge*,
As thou art at this present neere the Exchange.

Gard. And well remembred, kind *Will Bennet*,
Others affaires made me obliuious
Of mine owne; I pray thee goe to the Exchange,
I haue certaine bands, and other linnen to buy,
Prethee accompanie me.

Ben. With all my heart.

Gard. Sure, this is a beauteous gallant walke,
Were my continuall residence in London,
I should make much vse of such a pleasure:
Me thinks the glorious virgins of this square
Giues life to dead strucke youth; Oh heauens!

Ben. Why how now *Dick*?

Gard. By my sweete hopes of an hereafter blisse,
I neuer saw a fairer face then this:
O for acquaintance with so rich a beaurie,

Ben. Take thy occasion, neuer hadst thou better.

Gard. Haue at her then.

Phil. What lacke you Gentlemen?

Gard. Faith nothing, had I thee.
For in thine eye all my desires I see.

Phil. My shop you meane sir, there you may haue choice
Of Lawnes, or Cambricks, Ruffles well wrought, Shirts,
Fine falling bands of the Italian cut- worke,
Ruffles for your hands, waist-cotes wrought with silke,
Night-caps of gold, or such like wearing linnen,
Fit for the Chap-man of what ere degree.

The faire Maide

Gard. Faith virgin, in my dayes, I haue worne & out-worne
Yea, many of these golden necessities; (much,
But such a gallant beautie, or such a forme
I neuer saw, nor neuer wore the like:

Faith be not then vnkinde, but let me weare
This shape of thine, although I buy it deere.

Phil. What hath the Tailor plaide his part so well,
That with my gowne you are so faire in loue?

Gard. Mistake not sweet, your garment is the couer,
That vailles the shape and pleasures of a louer.

Phil. That argues then, you doe not see my shape,
How comes it then you are in loue with it?

Gard. A garment made by cunning Artf-mens skill,
Hides all defects that Natures swauing hand
Hath done amisse, and makes the shape seeme pure;
If then it grace such lame deformitie,
It adds a greater grace to puritie.

Phil. Oh short lin'd praise! euen now I was as faire
As any thing; now sower nothing,
Dissembling men, what maide will credite them?

Gard. How mis-construction leades your thoughts awry?

Ben. I prethee Dicke adone; thinke on thy journey.

Phil. You counsell well sir, I thinke the Gentleman
Comes but to whet his wit, and tis but neede;
Tis blunt enough, he may ride faire vpon't.

Gard. Mary gip Minx.

Phil. A fine word in a Gentlemans mouth;
Twere good your backe were towards me,
There can I reade better content, then in the face of lust.

Gard. Now you display your vertues, as they are.

Phil. What am I, you Cipher, parenthesis of words,
Stall-trouble, prater, what sit I here for naught?
Bestow your lustfull court-ships on your minions,
This place holds none; you and your companion,
Get you downe the staires, or I protest
Ile make this squared walke too hot for you.
Had you beene as you seem'd in out-ward shew,
Honest Gentlemen, such termes of vild abuse

of the Exchange.

Had nor beene proffred to virginitie;
But Swaines will quickly shew their base descent.

Gard. This is no place for brawles, but if it were,
Your impositions are more then I would beare.

Ben. Come, thee's a woman, I prethee leaue her.

Exeunt Gard. and Ben.

Phil. Nay sure a maid, vnlesse her thoughts deceiue her.
God speede you well: sirra boy.

Boy. Anone.

Goe to the Starchers for the sute of ruffes,
For M. *Bowdler's* bands, and M. *Golding's* shirts,
Lets haue a care to please our prooued friends:
As for our strangers, if they vie vs well,
For loue and money, loue and ware wee'll sell.

Exeunt.

Enter Franke.

The Cripple at worke.

Franke. Now fortune be my guide, this is the shop;
And in good time the Cripple is at worke:
God speede you sir.

Crip. Welcome honest friend; what's thy will with me?

Franke. I would entreat you read a letter for me.

Crip. With all my heart:

I know the maide to whom it is directed.

Franke. I know you doe Cripple, better then you thinke.

Crip. I pray you, what Gentleman writ the same?

Franke. Sir, a Gentleman of good learning, and my friend;
To say the truth, 'twas written for my selfe,
Being some-what ouertaken with fond loue,
As many men be sir.

Crip. Why art thou perswaded, or hast thou any hope,
So beautifull a virgin as she is,
Of such faire parentage, so vertuous,
So gentle, kinde, and wise as *Philis* is,
That she will take remorse of such base stufte,
I thinke not so: but let me see, what's thy name?

Franke. Trustie *John* men call me sir.

Crip. How comes it then your blinded Secretarie,
Hath writ another name vnto the letter?

Thou's deuoted Anthony Golding.

The faire Maide

But sure this letter is no right of thine,
Eicher thou foundest the same by happy chance,
Or being imployed as a Messenger,
Plaid'st legerdumaine with him that sent the same :
Wherefore the maid (well knowne vnto my selfe)
I will reserue the letter to her vse,
That she, if by the name herein set downe,
She know the Gentleman that doth wish her well,
She may be gratefull for his courtesie.

Frank. Nay then I see I must disclose my selfe :
Sir, might I build vpon your secrecie,
I would disclose a secret of import.

Crip. Assure thy selfe I will not iniure thee.

Frank. Then Cripple know, I am not what I seeme,
But tooke this habite to deceine my friend :
My friend indeed, but yet my cruell foe ;
Foe to my good, my friend in outward show :
I am no Porter, as I seeme to be,
But younger brother to that *Anthony* ;
And to be brieve, I am in loue with *Phillis*,
Which my two elder brothers doe affect ;
The one of them seekes to defeate the other :
Now if that I, being their younger brother
Could gull them both, by getting of the wench,
I would requite it with lones recompence.
Cripple, thou once didst promise me thy loue,
When I did rescue thee on *Asila-and Grams*,
Now is the time, now let me haue thy ayd,
To gull my brothers of that beauteous maide.

Crip. Sir, what I promise I will now performe ;
My loue is yours, my life to doe you good,
Which to approoue, follow me but in all,
Weele gull your brothers in the wench, and all.

Frank. Saist thou me so friend, for that very word
My life is thine, command my hand and sword.

Crip. Then let me see this letter ; it should seeme.
You vnder-tooke to carry from your brother
To the maide.

of the Exchange.

Frank. I did, and from my brother *Ferdinand*,
This other letter to the same effect.

Crip. Well, list to me, and follow my advise,
You shall deliuer neither of them both,
But frame two letters of your owne inuention.
Letters of flat deniall to their suites,
Giue them to both your brothers as from *Philis*,
And let each line in either Letter tend
To the dispraise of both their features;
And the conclusion I would haue set downe,
A flat resolute bound with some zealous oath,
Neuer to yeeld to eyther of their suites:
And if this sort not well to your content,
Condemne the Cripple.

Frank. but this will aske much time,
And they by this time looke for my returne.

Crip. Why then my selfe will sit you presently,
I haue the Coppies in my custody,
Of sundry Letter, to the same effect.

Frank. Of thy owne writing?

Crip. My owne I assure you, sir.

Frank. Faith thou hast robd some Sonnet booke on other,
And now wouldst make me thinke they are thine owne.

Crip. Why thinkst thou that I cannot write a letter,
Ditty, or Sonnet with iudiciall phrase,
As pretty, pleasing, patheticall,
As the best *Ouid* imitating dunce
In all the towne.

Frank. I thinke thou canst not.

Crip. Yea, ile sweare I cannot,
Yet firra, I could conny-catch the world,
Make my selfe famous for a sodaine wit,
And be admird for my dexteritie,
Where I dispoide.

Frank. I prethee how.

Crip. Why thus there liu'd a Poet in this towne,
(If we may tearme our moderne Writers Poets)
Sharp-witted, bitter-songd, his penne of Steele,

The faire Maide

Hisinke was temperd with the biting iuyce,
And extracts of the bitterst weedes that grew,
He neuer wrot but when the elements
Of Fire and Water tilted in his braine:
This fellow ready to giue vp his ghost
To *Lucians* bosome, did bequeathe to me
His Library, which was iust nothing,
But rolles, and scrolles, and bundles of cast wit,
Such as durst neuer visit Pauls church-yard:
Amongst them all, I happened on a quire
Or two of paper filld with Songs and Ditties,
And heere and there a hungry Epigramme,
These I reserve to my owne proper vse,
And Pater-noster-like haue kon'd them all.
I could now when I am in company,
A talehouse, tauerne, or an ordinary,
Vpon a theame make an extemporall ditty,
(Or one at least should seeme extemporall)
Out of th'abundance of this Legacye,
That all would iudge it, and report it too,
To be the infant of a sodaine wit,
And then were I an admirable fellow.

Frank. This were a peece of cunning.

Crip. I could doe more, for I could make enquire
Where the best witted Gallants vse to dine,
Follow them to the tauerne, and there sit
In the next roome with a calues head and brimstone,
And over-heare their talke, obserue their humors,
Collect their yeasts, put them into a play,
And tire them too with payment to behold
What I haue filcht from them. This I could doe:
But O for shame that man should so arraigne
Their owne feesimple wits, for verball theft?
Yet men there be that haue done this and that,
And more by much more than the most of them.

Frank. But to our purpose *Cripples* to these letters.

Cripples. I haue them ready for you, heere they be,
Giue these to your two brothers, say that *Philis*

of the Exchange.

Delivered them with frownes, and though her name
Be not subscribe (which may not well be done)
It may perhaps give them occasion
To thinke she scorne them so much grace and fauour,
This done, returne to me, and let me know
Th'occurrences of this practise as they growe,
And so farewell, I can no longer stand
To talke with you, I haue some worke in hand. *Exit.*

Frank. Farewell mad *Cripple*, now *Frank's* *Golding* lie,
To put in practise this new pollicie:
But soft, heere comes the Maide, I will assay

Enter Phillis and Fiddle.

To pleade my owne loue by a stranger way,
By your leaue sir.

Fid. Porter, I am not for you, you see I am perambulating
before a female.

Frank. I would crane but a word with you:

Fid. Speake in time then Porter, for otherwise I doe not
loue to answer you, and be as brife as you can, good Por-
ter.

Frank. I pray you sir, what Gentlewoman is this?

Fiddle. Certes Porter, I serue a Gentleman, that Gentle-
man is father to this Gentlewoman, this Gentlewoman is
a maide, this maide is faire, and this faire maide belongeth to
the Exchange, and the Exchange hath not the like faire maide:
now Porter, put all this together, and tel me what it spels.

Frank. I promise you sir, you haue poside me.

Fid. Then you are an asse Porter, tis the faire Maide of the
Exchange.

Frank. Her name I pray you sir.

Fiddle. Her name Porter requires much poeticalitie in the
subscription, and no lesse iudgement in the vnderstanding;
her name is *Phillis*, not *Phillis* that same dainty lassie that
was beloued of *Aminas*, nor *Phillis*, shee that doated on that
comely youth *Demaphoon*, but this is *Phillis*, that most strange
Phillis, the flower of the Exchange.

Phi.

The faire Maide

Phil. What, would that Porter any thing with me?

Frank. Yes Mistris, since by chance I meete you heere,
He tell you, though it not concernes my selfe,
What I this morning saw; there is a Gentleman
One master *Golding* the youngest of three brothers,
They call him *Frank*; O this man lies very sicke,
I being at his house perchance enquired
What his disease was of a servant there,
Who said, the Doctors cannot tell themselves,
But in his fits he ever calles on Loue,
And prayes to Loue for pittie, and then names you,
And then names Loue againe, and then calles *Philis*,
And sometimes starts, and would forsake his bed,
And being askt whither, he sayes he would goe to *Philis*;
My busines call'd me hence, but I heard say
His friends doe meane to intreate you to takes the paines
To visit him, because they doe suppose,
The sicke man loues you, and thence his sicknes growes.

Phil. Porter is this true?

Or art thou hired to this, I prethee tell me.

Frank. Mistris, not hired, my name is Trusty *John*.
If I delude you, neuer trust me more.

Phil. I thanke thee Porter, and thanke Loue withall,
That thus hath wrought the tyrant *Golding*s fall,
He once scorn'd Loue, iested at wounded hearts,
Challengde almightie beauty, raild at passion,
And is he now caught by the eyes and heart?
Now by *Dianas* milke-white vaile I sweare,
The goddesse of my maiden chaste desires,
I am as glad of it as glad may be,
And I will see him, if but to laugh at him,
And torture him with icasts; *Fiddle*, along,
When we returne, if they doe send for me,
He arme my selfe with flowts and crueltie.

Fiddle. Porter, we commit you, if you be a crafty knave,
and lay in the winde for a vantage, you haue your answer:
marke her last words, he arme my selfe with flowtes and
cruelty.

Exeunt.

Frank.

of the Exchange.

Frank. Ile arme my selfe with floutes and crueltie.
Will you so *Phillis*, what a state am I in?
Why I of all am furthest from her loue:
Should, if I now should take conceit at this,
Fall sick with loue indeed, were not my state
Most lamentable? I by this hand were it:
Well heart, if thou wilt yeeld, looke to thy selfe,
Thou wilt be tortur'd, well what remedie.

Enter Anthonie.

Here comes my brother *Anthonie*, I am for him.

Anth. Porter, what newes? spake you with *Phillis*?

Frank. I too late, to my grieve,
Spoke with her, sir, Yfaith I thinke I haue;
Heer's a letter for you, and by that
You shall be iudge if I did speake with her;
Now Cripple, shall we prooue your learned wit?

Anth. Zounds am I mad, or is she mad that writ this?
Ile reade it or'e againe.

A Letter.

Sir, I did neuer like you, I do not now thinke well of you,
And I will neuer loue you: I choose my husband with my
eyes, and I haue seene some speciall fault in you; as the
colour of your haire, the eleuating of your head, to an af-
fected proportion, as if you fainted for want of aire, and
stood in that manner to sucke it into your nose, your necke is
too long: and to be short, I like no part in or about you: and
the short and the long boy, is, that I will neuer loue you, and
I will neuer marry but one I loue.

Not yours, but her owne.

Anth. Blancke, I am stricke blancke, and blind, and mad
Heere is a flat denyall to my sute, (withall,
A resolution neuer to be wonne:
What shall I doe? asist me god of loue,
Instrust me in thy schoole-tricks; be my guide
Out of this laborinth of loue and feare,
Vnto the pallace of faire *Phillis* fauour:

G

I haue

The faire Maide

I haue it; I will intimate her mother
In my behalfe, with letters and with gifts,
To her Ile write to be my aduocate:
Porter farewell, ther's for thy paines,
Thy profite by this toyle passeth my gaines. *Exit.*

Frank. You haue your answer, and a kind one too.
Cripple ile make thee crutches of pure silver
For this deuise, thou hast a golden wit:
Now if my brother *Ferdinand* were heere
To reade his absolution, heere he comes.

Enter Ferdinand.

Brother. *Ferd. Frank.*
What hast thou giuen the letter to her hand,
And staid my brother *Anthony*'s withall?

Frank. I haue done both, and more then that, behold:
Heere is an answer to your letter brother.

Anthony. *Frank.* I will loue thee, whiles I liue for this.

Frank. Scarce, when you reade what there contained is.

A Letter.

G Allant, that writs for loue, if you had come your selfe you
might perchance haue shed; I doe not counsell you nei-
ther, to come your selfe, vnlesse you leaue your head at home,
or weare a vizard, or come backe wards, for I neuer looke
you in the face but I am sicke: and so praying God to continue
my health, by keeping you from me, I leaue you.

Ferd. O vnkinde answer to a Louers letter;

Let me suruay the end once more:

*For I neuer looke you in the face but I am sicke: and so praying
God to continue me in health, by keeping you from mee.*

Is thee so farre from yeelding? is this sort

Of her chaste lone yet so impregnable?

What shall I doe? this is the furthest way,

A labour of impossibilities:

This way to winne her? I will once againe,

Challenge the promise that her father made me;

To him ile write, and he I know will pleade

My loue to *Phillis*, and so winne the maide.

Exit.

Frank.

of the Exchange.

Frank. Farewell poore tortur'd heart; was euer knowne
Two louing brothers in such miserie?
Let me consider of my owne estate:
What profit do I reape by this delusion?
Why none; I am as farre from *Phillis* heart
As when she first did wound me with her eyes:
Cripple, to thee I come, tis thou must be
My counsellor in this extremitie.

Exit.

Enter Cripple, Bowdler, and Bernard.

Crip. Sirra *Bowdler*, what makes thee in this merry vaine?

Bowd. O Lord sir, it is your most eleuated humor to be merry, to be concise, set vp the collet, and looke thus with a double chinne, like *Diogenes* peering over his Tub, is too cymicall, the signe of Melancholly, and indeede, the meere effect of a salt rheume.

Crip. Who would thinke this Gentleman yesterdayes dis-temperature should breed such motions? I thinke it be restorative to actiuitie, I neuer saw a Gentleman caper so excellent, as he did last night.

Bow. Meane you me sir?

Crip. Your owne selfe, by this hand.

Bowd. You gull me not.

Crip. How, gull you!

Me thinkes a man so well reputed of,
So well commended for your qualities
In Schooles of nimble actiuenesse,
And places where diuineſt *Quæristers*
Warble enchanting harmonic, to such
As thinke there is no heaven on earth but theirs:
And knowing your selfe to be the *Genius*
Of the spectators, and the audience hearts,
You wrong your worthy selfe intollerably,
To thinke our words fauour of flatterie.

Bowd. Sirra dogge, how didst thou like my last caper, and turne a the toe?

Crip. Before God passing well.

Bard. I know his worship made it, tis so excellent.

Bowd. It was my yesterdayes exercise.

The faire Maide

Crip. After the working of your purgation, was it not?

Bowd. What purgation, you filthy curre?

Crip. After the purging of your braine Sir.

Bowd. Be still dogge, barke not, though by mis-fortune.

I was last night somewhat distempered:

I will not be vpbraided; t'was no more

But to refine my wit; but tell me truly,

How dost thou like my caper?

Crip. Farre better than I can commend it.

Bowd. Now as I am a Gentleman

My Tutor was not witting of the same;

And in my opinion t'will doe excellent:

O this aire! heer's a most eloquious aire for the memorie,

I could spend the third part of my Armes in silver,

To be encountred by some good wit or other.

Crip. What say you to your sweet heart, *Mall Berry*?

Bowd. Peace Cripple, silence, name her not, I could not indure the carrier of her wit, for a million, shee is the onely shee *Mercury* vnder the heaucns; her wit is all spirit, that spirit fire, that fire flies from her tongue, able to burne the radix of the best inuention; in this Element shee is the abstract and brieft of all the eloquence since the incarnation of *Tadde*: I tell thee Cripple, I had rather incounter *Hercules* with blowes, then *Mall Berry* with words: And yet by this light I am horribly in loue with her.

Enter Mall Berry.

Crip. See where she comes, O excellent!

Bowd. Now haue I no more blood then a bull-rush.

Barn. How now; what aile you sir?

Crip. What's the matter man?

Bowd. See, see, that glorious angell doth approach,
What shall I doe?

Crip. Shee is a saint indeed; Zounds to her, court her, win her, weare her, wed her, and bed her too.

Bowd. I would it were come to that, I win her! by heauen, I am not furnisht'd of a courting phras:; to throw at a dogge.

Crip. Why no, but at a woman you haue; O sir, seeme not so dquish now, can you make no sustian; aske her if shee take

of the Exchange.

take a pipe of Tobacco.

Bow. It will offend her iudgement, pardon me.

Crip. But heare you first reading so much as you haue done,
Doe you not remember one pretty phras,

To scale the wallies of a faire wenchs loue?

Bow. I neuer read any thing but *Venus* and *Adonis*.

Crip. Why thats the very quintessence o loue,
If you remember but a verse or two,
He pawne my head, goods, lands and all twill doe.

Bow. Why then haue at her.

Fondling I say, since I haue hemd thee heere,
Within the circle of this iuory pale,
He be a parke.

Mal. Hands off fond fir.

Bow. And thou shalt be my decrey
Feede thou on me, and I will feede on thee,
And loue shall feede vs both.

Ma. Feede you on woodcockes, I can fast awhile.

Bow. Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steede.

Crip. Take heede, shees not on horsebacke.

Bow. Why then she is alighted,
Come sit thee downe where neuer serpent hisses,
And being set, he smother thee with kisses.

Ma. Why is your breath so hot? now God forbid
I should buy kisses to be smothered.

Bow. Meane you me? you gull me not?

Ma. No, no, poore *Bowdler*, thou dost gull thy selfe:
Thus must I doe to shadow the hid fire,
That in my heart doth burne with hot desire;
O I doe loue him well what ere I say,
Yer will I not my selfe selfe loue bewray,
If he be wise he'l sue with good take heede:
Bowdler, doe so, and thou art sure to speede:
I will stie hence to make his loue the stronger;
Though my affection must ly hid the longer.
What master *Bowdler*, not a word to say?

Exit.

Bow. No by my troth, if you stay heere all day.

Ma. Why then he beare the bucklers hence away.

The faire Maide

Crip. What master *Bowdler*, haue you let her passe vnconquerd?

Bow. Why what could I doe more? I lookt vpon her with iudgement, the strings of my tongue were well in tune, my embraces were in good measure, my palme of a good constitution, onely the phrase was not meeuing; as for example, *Venus* her selfe with all her skill could not winne *Adonis*, with the same wordes: O heauens! was I so fond then to thinke that I could conquer *Maill Berry*? O the naturall fluence of my owne wit had beene farre better!
Goddengood-fellow.

Enter Fiddle,

Fid. God giue you the time of the day, pardon mee Gallants, I was so neere the middle that I knew not which hand to take.

Bow. A very good conceit.

Fid. And yet because I will be sure to giue you a true salutation, *Cripple*, *quomodo valet*? Good morrow *Cripple*, goodden good Master *Barnard*, Master *Bowdler*, *Bonas noches*, as they say, good night, and thus you haue heard my manner of salutation.

Crip. You are very eloquent, sir; but *Fiddle*, what's the best newes abroad?

Fid. The best newes I know not sir, but the newest newes is most excellent yfaith.

Bar. Prethee lets heare it.

Fid. Why this it is, the Sericants are watching to arrest you at Master *Berreis* sute.

Barn. Wounds, where?

Fid. Nay, I know not where; alas sir, there is no such matter, I did but say so much, to make you warme the handle of your rapier: But M. *Bowdler*, I haue good newes for you.

Bow. Let me heare it, my sweet rusteting.

Fid. How, rusteting?

Bow. I my little apple Iohn.

Fid. You are a ———

Bow. A what?

Fid. You are, — O that I could speake for indignation!

Bow. Nay what am I?

of the Exchange.

Fid. You are a pippinmonger to call me Russetting or apple John.

Bow. Russetting, Ile pare your head off.

Fid. You pippinmonger, Ile cut off your legs, and make you trauel so neere the mother earth, that euery boy shall bee high enough to steale apples out of thy basket, call me Rus-

Crip. Nay, be friends, be friends. (setting?)

Fid. As I am a gentleman cripple, I meapt him no harme, but the name of Russetting to master *Fiddle*, that many times trauellis vnder the arme in velvet, but for the most part in leather trussid with calue-skinne points, tis most vntolerable, and not to be indured, flesh and bloud cannot beare it.

Crip. Come, come, all shall be well.

Bow. *Fiddle*, giue me thy hand, a plague on thee, thou knowest I loue thee.

Fid. Say you so? why then anger auoid the roume, melancholy march away, choler to the next chamber, and heres my hand I am yours to command from this time forth, your very mortall friend, and louing enemy, master *Fiddle*.

Bow. Now tell vs, what is the newes you had for me?

Fid. O, the sweet newes, faith sir, this it is, that I was sent to the Cripple from my young Mistris. Master Cripple you know I haue spent some time in idle words, therefore be you compendions, and tell me if my Mistris handkercher be done or no.

Crip. *Fiddle* tis done, & peace it is, conend me to thy mistris.

Fid. After the most humble manner I will; and so gentlemen I commit you all: you Cripple to your shop; you sir, to a turn-vp and dish of capers; and lastly you M. *Barnard*, to the tuition of the Counter-keeper: ther's an Item for you, and so fare-well. *Exit.*

Crip. M. *Bowdler*, how doe you like his humour?

Bowd. By this light, I had not thought he clod had had so nimble a spirit: but Cripple farewell, Ile to *Mal Berry*, come *Barnard* along with me.

Crip. Farewell sweet Signiors both, farewell, farewell. *Exunt.*

Enter M. Flower at one doore reading a letter from Ferdinand, at the other Mistris Flower, with a Letter from Anthony.

M. Flow.

The faire Maide

Master Flo. The conceit is good, *Ferdinand* intreats a marriage with my daughter: good, very good: for he is a Gentleman of good carriage, a wise man, a rich man, a carefull man, and therefore worthy of my daughters loue: it shall be so.

Mistrie Flo. Mary and shall, kinde Gentleman, my furtherance saist thou? Yes *Anthony*, assure thy selfe, for by the motherly care that I beare to my daughter, it hath been a desire that long hath lodge within my carefull breast to match hir with thy well-deseruing selfe; and to this end haue I sent for my daughter, and chargde my seruants, that presently vpon her repaire hither from her Mistresses, that shee enter this priuate walke; where, and with whome, I will so worke, that doubt it not, deere sonne, but shee shall be thine.

Master Flo. And I will make her ioyndure of a hundred pounds by yeare: it is a very good conceit, and why? because the worthy portion betters my conceit, which being good in conceiuing well of the Gentlemans good parts, the proffered ioyndure addes to my conceit, and betters it; very good.

Mistrie Flo. A thousand crowns for you to make the match pretty heart, how loue can worke! by Gods blest mother, I vow she shall be thine, if I haue any interest in my daughter,

Flower smiles reading the Letter, they snatch the Letter from each other.

but stay, whom haue I espied? my husband likewise reading of a Letter, and in so good an humour, ile lay my life, good Gentleman he hath also wrought with him for his good will; and for I long to know the truth thereof, my sodaine purpose shall experience it. Whats heere husband?

She reads privately, and frownes.

a Letter from master *Ferdinand*, to intreat a marriage with your daughter.

Master Flo. And here the like to you from *Anthony* to that effect, this is no good conceit, if shee bee mine, shee shall be *Ferdinand*.'s

Mistrie Flo. If shee respect her mothers fauour, 'Tis *Anthony* shall be her loue.

Master Flo. How wise?

Mistrie Flo. Euen so husband.

Master?

of the Exchange.

Maister Flo. You will not crosse my purpose, will you?

Mistrie Flo. In this you shall not bridle me: I sweare.

Maister Flo. Is she not my daughter?

Mistrie Flo. You teach me husband, what your wife should
I thinke her life is deere vnto me, (say.

Though you forget the long extremitie,
And paine which I indur'd, when forth this wombe
With much adoe she did inioy the life she now doth breathe,
And shall I now suffer her destruction?

Maister Flo. Yea but a conceit me wife.

Mistrie Flo. A figge for your conceits, in this I know there
can be none that :

Say he be his fathers eldest sonne, and a Merchant of good
Wealth, yet my deere *Anthony's* as rich as he :
What though his portion was but small at first,
His industrie hath now increasde his talent ;
And he that knoweth the getting of a penny,
Will feare to spend, she shall haue him, if any.

Maister Flo. By the Mary God wife, you vex me.

Mistrie Flo. Tis your owne impatient, you may chuse.

Maister Flo. I will not wed my daughter to that *Anthony*.

Mistrie Flo. By this.

Maister Flo. Hold wife, hold, I aduise thee sweare not,
For by him that made me, first I vow,
Shee shall not touch the bed of *Anthony*.

Mistrie Flo. And may I neuer line (so God me helpe)
If euer she be wed to *Ferdinand*.

Maister Flo. The diuels in this woman, how she thwarts
me still!

Mistrie Flo. Fret on, good husband, I will haue my will.

Maister Flo. But conceit me wife, suppose we should con-
sent our daughter should wed either of them both, and shee
dislike the match, were that a good conceit?

Mistrie Flo. All's one for that, I know my daughters mind
if I but say the word.

Maister Flo. I would be loath to wed her against her will,
Content thee wife, weele heare her resolution,
And as I finde her, to her owne content

The faire Maide

To either of them she shall haue my consent.

Mistris Flo. Why now old *Flower* speaketh like himselfe?

Maister Flo. Agreed, and faith wife tis a good conceit.

Enter Phillis.

And see where my daughter comes; welcome girle,
How doth your *Mistris Phillis*? God blesse thee *Phillis*, rise.

Phil. God haue the glory, in perfect health she is.

Maister Flo. Tis good, I am glad she doth so well,
But list my daughter, I haue golden newes
To impart vnto thee:

A golden *Golding*, wench, must be thy husband;
Is't not a good conceit?

Phil. Father, I vnderstand you not.

Maister Flo. Then, my girle, thy conceit is very shallow,
Maister Ferdinand Golding is in loue with thee.

Mistris Flo. No daughter, tis thine *Anthony*.

Maister Flo. *Ferdinand* is rich, for he hath store of gold.

Mistris Flo. *Anthony* is rich, yet is not so old.

Maister Flo. *Ferdinand* is vertuous, full of modestie.

Mistris Flo. *Anthony's* more gracious, if more may be.

Maister Flo. *Ferdinand* is wise (being wise) who would not
loue him. (him.

Mistris Flo. *Anthony* more wise, then Girle desire to proue

Maister Flo. In *Ferdinand* is all the beauty that may be.

Mistris Flo. He is deceiu'd, tis in thine *Anthony*.

Phil. Deare Parents, you confound me with your words,
I pray what means these hot perswasions?

Maister Flo. Thy good my daughter.

Mistris Flo. If but rulse by me.

Maister Flo. But for thy ill-fare.

Mistris Flo. If she tend to thee.

Maister Flo. The truth is this, that each of vs hath tane
A solemne vow, that thou my louing daughter
Shalt wed with one of those two Gentlemen:

But yet referre the choice vnto thy selfe,
One thou shalt loue, loue *Ferdinand*, if me.

Mistris Flo. If loue thy mother, loue thine *Anthony*.

Phil. In these extreames what shall become of me?

of the Exchange.

I pray you giue me respite to consider
How to digest these impositions,
You haue imposde a busines of such weight,
Pray God your daughter may discharge herselfe. (while.

Master Flo. Thinke on't, my girl, we will withdrawe a-

Phil. A little respite fits my resolution, *They walke.*

Those Gentles sue too late, there is another,
Of better worth, though not of halfe their wealth,
What though deform'd, his vertue mends that misse:
What though not rich, his wit doth better gold,
And my estate shall adde vnto his wants,
I am resolu'd (good father, and deere mother,)
Philis doth choose a Cripple, and none other;
But yet I must dissemble.

Master Flo. How now my soules best hope! tell mee, my
Shall *Ferdinand* be he? (girl,

Phil. I pray a word in priuate.

Master Flo. Mary with all my heart.

Phil. In all the duty that a childe can shew,
The lone that to a father it doth owe,
I yeeld my selfe to be at your command,
And vow to wed no man but *Ferdinand*.
But if you please, at your departure hence,
You may inforce dislike to cloude your brow,
To auoide my mothers anger and suspition.

M. Flo. Before God a very good conceit,
Hence baggage, out of my sight,
Come not within my doores, thou hadst been better,
Runne millions of miles bare-footed, then
Thus by your coy disdain to haue deluded me.
Oh mine owne flesh and blood, the mirror of wit!
Now will I hence, and with all the speed I may
Send for my sonne, ile haue it done this day. *Exit old Flo.*

Mistresse Flo. What, is he gone? and in so hot a chafe?
Well let him goe, I need not question why,
For well I wot his sute is cold, e'must die.
Daughter, I gather by thy pleasant smiles,
Thy mother hath more interest in thy loue,

The faire Maide

Than discontented *Flower* thy aged father.

Phil. Mother, you haue, for when I well consider
A mothers care vnto her deere bought childe,
How tenderly you nurse and brought me vp,
I could not be so much vnnaturall
As to refuse the loue you proffer me,
Especially being for my chiefeft good ;
Therefore when married I intend to be,
My loyall husband shall be *Ambery*.

Mistris Fl. Liue ever then my deere deere daughter *Philis*,
Let me imbrace thee in a mothers armes ;
Thus, thus, and thus ile euer hugge my daughter,
Him hence thou sendst with frownes, me hence with laughter,
Come *Philis*, let vs in.

Enter Mistris Flower.

Phil. Forsooth ile follow you.
Am not I a good childe thinke you,
To play with both hands thus against my parents ?
Well, tis but a trick of youth : say what they will,
Ile loue the Cripple, and will hate them still. *Exit.*

Enter Cripple in his shop, and to him enter Franke.

Franke. Mistrour of kindnesse, extremities best friend,
While I breathe, sweet blood, I am thine,
Intreate me, nay commaund thy *Frances* heart,
That wilt not suffer my iusuing smart.

Crip. Sweet signior, my aduise in the reseruatiō of those
Letters,
Which I will haue you hide from eye of day,
Nener to feele the warmth of *Phabus* beames,
Till my selfes care, most carefull of your weale,
Summon those lines vnto the barre of Ioy.

Franke. I will not erre, deere friend, in this command.

Cripple. So much for that, now listen further *Franke*,
Not yet two houres expiration,
Haue taken finall end, since Beauties pride,
And Natures better part of workmanship,

Beaute.

of the Exchange.

Beauteous *Philis* was with me consoorted;
Where she mongst other pleasing conference,
Burst into termes of sweet affection,
And said, ere long she would converse with me
In priuate at my shop, whose wounded soule
Strucke with loues golden arrow lines in dread,
Till she doe heare the sentente of my loue.
Or be condemn'd by iudgement of fell hate.
Now since that gracious opportunitie
Thus smiles on me, I will resigne the same
To you my friend, knowing my vnworthy selfe
Too soule for such a beautie, and too base
To match in brightnesse with that sacred comet,
That shines like *Phabus* in Londons Element;
From whence inferior starres deriue their light:
Wherefore I will immediatly you take
My crooked habite, and in that disguise
Court her, yea win her, for she will be wonne,
This will I doe, to pleasure you my friend.

Frank, For which my loue to thee shall neuer end.

Crip. About it then, assume this shape of mine,
Take what I haue, for all I haue is thine?
Supply my place, to gaine thy hearts desire,
So may you quench two hearts that burne like fire:
Shee's kind to mee, be she as kinde to you,
What admiration will there then inue?

Frank, I will leaue thee, now be thou fortunate,
That we with ioy your loues may consummate;
Farewell, farewell, when I returne againe,
I hope to finde thee in a pleasing vaine.

Exit.

Fran. Farewell deere friend, was euer known a finer policie
Now brothers, haue amongst you for a third part,
Nay, for the whole, or by my soule, ile loose all,
What though my father did bequeath his lands
To you my elder brethren, the moueables I sue for
Were none of his: and you shall runne through fire,
Before you touch one part of my desire:
Am I not like my selfe in this disguise,

The faire Maide

Crooked in shape, and crooked in my thoughts?
Then am I a Cripple right, come wench away,
Thy absence breeds a terror to my stay.

Enter Phillis.

Yonder she comes, now frame thy hands to draw,
A worser workeman neuer any saw.

Phil. Yea yonder sits the wonder of mine eye;
I haue not been the first whom destinie
Hath thwarted thus; imperious Lowe,
Either withdraw the shaft that wounds my heart,
Or grant me patience to indure my smart:
Remorcelesse loue, had any but thy selfe
Beene priue to my direfull passion,
How I consume and waste my selfe in loue,
They would haue beene, yea, much more pittifull:
But all auails not; demanding for my worke
Shall be a meanes to haue some conference.

Shee speaks to Frank.

Good morrow to you, is my handkercher done?

Frank. Yea Mistresse *Flower*, it is finished.

Phil. How sweetly tunes the accent of his voyce?
Oh, do not blame me, deereſt loue aline,
Though thus I dote in my affection;
I toyle, I labor, and I faine would thrive,
And thrive I may if thou wouldſt giue direction:
Thou art the ſtarre whereby my courſe is led,
Be gracious then, bright ſunne, or I am dead.

Frank. Faire Mistresse *Phillis*, ſuch wanton toyes as theſe,
Are for yong Nouices that will ſoone be pleaſde,
The carefull thoughts that hammer in my braine,
Bid me abandon wanton loue, tis vaine.

Phil. For me it is.

Frank. Is my vngarniſhed, darke, and obſcure Cell,
A manſion fit for all-commanding loue?
No, if thou wilt ſport with loue,
And dally with that wanton amorous boy;
Hie thee vnto the odoriferous groues.

Phil. There is no groues more pleaſant vnto me,

Then

of the Exchange?

Then to be still in thy societie.

Frank. There of the choicest fragrant flowers that grow
Thou maist denise sweete roseat Corronets,
And with the Nymphs that haunt the siluer streames,
Learne to entice the affable yong wagge,
There shalt thou finde him wandring vp and downe,
Till some faire faint impale him with a crowne:
Begone I say, and doe not trouble me,
For to be short, I cannot fancy thee.

Phil. For to be short, you cannot fancie me:
Oh cruell word, more hatefull then pale death,

Oh, would to God it would conclude my breath.
Frank. Forbear, forbear, admit that I should yield:
Thinke you, your father would applaud your choice.

Phil. Doubt not thereof, or if he doe not, alls one,
So you but grant to my affection.

Crip. I am too base. *Phil.* My wealth shall raise thee vp.

Crip. I am deform'd. *Phil.* Tur, I will beare with that.

Crip. Your friends dislike brings all this out of frame.

Phil. By humble sure I will redresse the same.

Frank. Now to employ the vertue of my shapers
Faire mistresse,

If heretofore I haue remorselesse beene,
And not esteemd your vnderferued loue,
Whereby in the glasse of your affection
I see my grear vnkindnesse; forgive what's past,
And here I proffer all the humble seruice
Your hic prixe loue doth meritt at my hands,
Which I confesse is more then I vnable
Can gratifie: therefore command my toyle,
My trauell, yea, my life to pleasure you.

Phil. I take thee at thy word, proud of thy seruice,
But yet no seruant shalt thou be of mine,
I will serue thee, command, and ile obey:
This doth my soule more good, yea, ten times more,
Then did thy harsh deniall harme before,
Let vs inbrace like two vnited friends,
Hence loue begins, and former hatred ends.

Enter

The faire Maide

Enter Ferdinand and Anthony walking together:

Ferd. Brother *Anthony*, what newes from *Venice*?
Are your ships returne'd? I had rather *aside.*
Heare newes from *Phillis*: Oh, brother *Franks*,
Thy absence makes me burne in passion.

Amb. Sir, I had letters from my factors there
Some three dayes since; but the returne of one, *aside.*
Of one poore letter, yet not answered,
Makes me starke madde: a plague vpon that Porter,
Damm'd may he be for thus deluding me.

Ferdinand spies Phillis and turns backe.

How now brother, why retire you so?

Ferd. Yonders a friend of mine acquaintance,
With whom I would gladly haue some conference,
I pray thee stay I will returne immediatly.

Go to Phillis and court her to themselves:

Amb. Of your acquaintance, is she so good brother?
Onely with you acquainted, and no other?
Faith ile trie that, take heed sir what you doe:
If you begin to court, I needs must woe, *Go to her too.*
Brother haue you done?

Ferd. But two words more at most:
You haue not then recein'd any such letter?
Avengeance take the lazie messenger,
Brother if I liue, ile quittance thee for this,

Fran. Good words, deere brother, threatned men liue long.

Amb. You haue done. *Ferd.* Yes.

Amb. Then by your leane brother,
You had one word, I must haue another. *Talks in private:*

Ferd. I know our businesse tends to one effect.
O that villaine *Franks*, it mads my soule
I am so wrong'd, by such a foolish Boy.

Frank. That foolish boy may chance prooue to be witty:
What, and the elder brothers fooles? Oh t's pittie!

Amb. That villanie Porter hath deluded me,
Confusion guerdon his base villaine.

Frank. What are you cursing too? then we catch no fish:
Comes there any more, beere two Snights to a dish,

Ferd.

of the Exchange.

Ferd. Well, since I have such opportunitie,
He trust no longer to vncertaintie.

He courts her againe in private.

Anth. At it so hard brother? well, woe apace,
A while I am content to giue you place,

Frank. Well, to her both, both doe the best you can;
I feare young *Frank* will prooue the happier man.

Phil. You haue your answer, trouble me no more.

Ferd. Yet this is worse then my suspence before,
For then I liu'd in hope, now hope is fled.

Anth. What, male-content? is *Ferdinand* strooke dead,
Fortune be blithe, and aide the second brother.

Talks in private.

Frank. Thinke you to haue more fauour then an other?
To her a Gods name, liue not in suspence,
While you two strue, I needs must get the wench.

Phil. I am resolu'd, and, sir you know my minde.

Frank. What, you repulst too? *Philis* is too vnkinde.

Phil. Here sits my Loe, within whose louely brest
Lives my content, and all my pleasures rest,
And for a further confirmation,
Which to approoue, euen in sight of both you here present,
I giue my hand, and with my hand, my heart,
My selfe, and all to him; and with this ring
He wed my selfe.

Frank. I take thy offering,
And for the gift you gaue to me, take this,
And let vs seale affection with a kisse.

Ferd. Oh sight intollerable.

Anth. A spectacle worse then death.

Frank. Now Gentlemen, please you draw neere and listen
to the Cripple.

Give them the letters and they stamp and forme.

Know you that letter? sir, what say you to this?

Both. How came they to your hands?

Frank. Sirs, a Porter euen of late left them with me,
To be deliuered to this Gentlewoman.

Anth. A plague vpon that Porter, if ere I meete him,

The faire Maide

My rapiers point with a deaths wound shall greet him. *Exit.*

Ferd. Franks thou art a villaine, thou shalt know't ere long,
For proffering me such vnderferued wrong. *Exit.*

Frank. So, vomit forth the rheume of all your spight,
These threats of yours procure me more delight.

Phil. Now gentle loue, all that I haue to say,
Is to entreat you seeke without delay,
My fathers kinde consent, for thou hast mine,
And though he storme yet will I still be thine;
Make triall then, tis but thy labour lost,
Though he denie thee, it requires no cost.

Frank. I will assaile with expedition.

Phil. God, and good fortune go with thee, farewell. *Exit.*

Frank. Well, I will goe, but not in this disguise;
Arme thee with policie *Franks*, *Franks* must be wise:
Now would the substance of this borrowed shape
Were here in presence, and see where he comes.

Enter the Cripple.

Poore in the well fram'd limbes of nature, but
Rich in kindnesse beyond comparison.
Welcome deere friend, the kindest soule aliuie,
Here I resigne thy habite backe againe,
Whereby I prooue the happiest man that breathes.

Crip. Hast thou then, sweet blood, beene fortunate?

Frank. Hearke, I will tell thee all: *Whisper in private.*

Enter Bowdler, Mall Berry, and Ralfe, Bowdler capers and sings.

Ralf. Faith sir, me thinkes of late you are very light.

Bowd. As a feather, sweet Rogue, as a feather:
Haue I not good cause, sweet *Mall*, sweet *Mall*,
Hath she not cause the same: well, if I liue, sweet wench,
Either by night or day I will requite your kindnesse.

Franks. Now I will take my leaue, to put the same in
practise. *Exit Franks.*

Crip. Good fortune waite on thee.

Bowd. Mall, thou art mine, by thine owne consent;
How saist thou *Mall*?

Mall. Yes forsooth.

Ralfe. I am witnesse sir.

Bowd.

of the Exchange.

Bowd. But that is not sufficient *Mall*, if thou art content *Mall*, heer's a Rogue hard by, a friend of mine, whom I will acquaint with our loues, and hee shall bee partaker of the match.

Ralse Nay sir, if you meane to haue partners in the match, I hope *Ralse* can helpe to serue your wiues turne as well as another, what ere he be. How say you Mistresse?

Mall. Alls one to me, whom he please.

Bowd. Come then sweet *Mall*, weele to the Drawer, There to dispatch what I further intend.

Mall. And well remembered husband.

Ralse. A forward maiden by this light; husband before the Clarke hath said Amen.

Mal. He hath worke of mine, I pray forget it not.

Bowd. I will not *Mall*. Now you lame Rogue, where is this maidens worke? my wiues worke you rascall, quicke, giue it her?

Crip. Sweet Seignior, the sweet Nimphes worke is almost finished, but sweete blood, you drive me into admiration with your latter words, your sweet wiues worke, I admire it!

Bowd. I yee halting Rascall, my wiues worke; shee's my Wife before God and *Ralse*, how saist thou *Mall*, art thou not?

Mal. Yes forsooth, and to confirme the same, Heere in this presence, I plight my faith againe; And speake againe, what erst before was said, That none but you shall haue my maiden-head.

Bowd. A good wench *Mall*, ifaith, now will I to thy father for his good will, Cripple, see you remember what is past, for I will call thee in question for a witnesse if neede require, farewell curre, farewell dogge. *Exit. Bowdler and Ralse.*

Crip. Aduie fond humorist, Parenthesis of iests, Whose humour like a needlesse Cypher fills a roome: But now *Mall Berry*, a word or two with you: Hast thou forgotten *Barnet*? thy thoughts were bent with him.

Mall. On him Cripple! for what? was it for marriage?

Crip. It was for loue, why not for marriage? O monstrous! Were I a maide and should be sobewitch'd, I'de pull my eyes out that did lend me light,

The faire Maide

Exclaime against my fortune, banne my starres,
And teare my heart, so yeelding her consent
To *Bowdler's* loue, that froth of complement.

Mal. Cripple, you lose your time, with your faire teares
To circumuent my heart : *Bowdler* I loue thee,
Barnard I hate, and thou shalt neuer moou me.

Crip. I will ; thou dost loue *Barnard*, and I can prooue it.

Mal. That I loue *Barnard* ! by heauens I abhorre him.

Crip. Thou lou'st him, once againe I say, thou lou'st him,
For all thou hast borne *Bowdler* still in hand.

Mal. What wilt thou make me mad ? I say, I hate him.

Crip. I say thou lou'st him : haue not I beene at home,
And heard thee in thy chamber praise his person,
And say he is a proper little man,
And pray that he would be a suter to thee ?
Haue I not scene thee in the Bay-window
To sit crosse-armde, take counsell of thy glasse,
And prune thy selfe to please yong *Barnards* eye ?
Sometimes curling thy haire, then practising smiles,
Sometimes rubbing thy filthy butter-teeth,
Then pull the haire from off thy beetle-browes.
Painting the veines vpon thy breasts with blew,
An hundred other trickes I saw thee vse,
And all for *Barnard*.

Mal. For *Barnard* ! twas for *Bowdler's*.

Crip. I say, for *Barnard*.

Nay more, thou know'st I lay one night at home,
And in thy sleepe I heard thee call on *Barnard*.
Twentie times ouer.

Mal. Will you be sworne I did.

Crip. I, I will sweare it :

And art thou not ashamde thus to be change,
To leaue the loue of a kinde Gentleman
To dote on *Bowdler* ? Fic, fic, reclaime thy selfe :
I embrace thy *Barnard* take him for thy husband,
And saue his credite, who is else vndone,
By thy hard fathers hatefull crueltie.

Mal. Cripple, If thou canst prooue that euer I

of the Exchange.

Did fancie *Barnard*, I will loue him still.

Crip. Why ile be sworne thou did.

Mal. And that I doated on him in my sleepe.

Crip. Ile be sworne I could not sleepe all night
In the next roome, thou didst so raue on him.

Mal. I cannot tell, I may well be deceiu'd,
I thinke I might affect him in my sleepe,
And yet not know it; let me looke on him,
Yfaith he is a pretty handsome fellow,
Tis pittie he should waste himselfe in prison;
Hey ho.

Crip. Whats the matter wench?

Mal. Cripple, I will loue him.

Crip. Wilt thou yfaith?

Mal. Yfaith I will.

Enter two Sericants

Crip. Giue me thy hand, a bargaine, tis enough.

Mal. But how shall he know I loue him?

Crip. Why thus: I will intreate the Sericants
To goe with him along vnto thy father,
And by the way ile send yong *Bowdler* from vs,
And then acquaint my *Barnard* with thy loue,
He shall accept it and auouch the same.
Vnto thy father, wench do thou the like,
And then I hope his bonds are cancelled.

Barn. Cripple, shall we haue your company?

Crip. My friends, hold here, theres mony for your paines,
Walke with your prisoner but to maister *Berry*,
And ye shall either finde sufficient baile,
Or else discharge the debt, or I assure you
Weele be your ayde to garde him safe to prison.

1. *Sericant.* Well, we are willing sir, we are content
To shew the Gentleman any kind of fauour.

Crip. Along then, hearken maister *Bowdler*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Master Flower, Mistress Flower, Master Berry,
and Fiddle.*

Master Flo. Welcome good maister *Berry*, is your stomach
vp sir? It is a good conceit yfaith.

The faire Maide

Fiddle. It is indeede fir,

Maister Flo. What, *Fiddle*!

Fid. If his stomacke be vp to goe to dinner.

Maister Flo. *Fiddle*, bid *Maister Berry* welcome.

Fid. What else *Maister*? with the best belly in my heart, the sweetest straine in my musicke, and the worst entertainment that may be, *Fiddle* bids your worship *adieu*.

Berry. Thanks *Fiddle*, and *Maister Flower*, I am much beholding to your curtesie.

Mistrie Flo. *Fiddle*, I wonder that he staies so long, Thou toldst me *Anthony* would follow thee.

Fid. I, and heele be heere I warrant you.

Maister Flo. Ile tell you fir, it is a rare conceir, My wife would haue her marry *Anthony*, The yonger brother, but against her minde, I will contract her vnto *Ferdinand*, And I haue sent for you and other friends, To witnes it; and tis a good conceit.

Mistrie Flo. *Fiddle*, are all things ordred well within?

Fid. Alls well, alls well, but there wants some saffron, To colour the custards withall.

Mistrie Flo. Heere, take my keyes, bid *Susan* take enough.

Maister Flo. *Fiddle*, are all our guests come yet?

Fid. I fir, and here comes one more than you lookt for.

Enter Franke.

Exit.

Franke. God saue you *Maister Flower*, as much to you *Maister Berry*.

Maister Flo. Welcome M. *Golding*, yare very welcome fir.

Franke. My brother *Ferdinand* commends him to you, And heer's a letter to you from himselfe.

Maister Flo. A letter fir, it is a good conceir, Ile reade it strait.

Gives the other Letter to Mistrie Flower.

Maister Flower, I am beholding to you for your kindnesse, and your furtherance in my loue-suite, but my minde is changed, and I will not marry your daughter, and so farewell.

This is no good conceir: what *Ferdinand*, Delude old *Flower*, make me deceive my friends,

Make

of the Exchange.

Make my wife laugh, and triumph in her will,
What thinke you Fiddle?

Fid. Why sir I thinke it is no good conceit.

Master Flo. Thou saist true Fiddle, tis a bad conceit.
But heare you sir, *Mistris Flower reads her Letter.*
I vnderstand by Fiddle your forwardnesse in my sute to your
daughter : but neuertheles I am determined to drawe backe,
and commit your daughter to her best fortunes, and your selfe
to God; Farewell.

Why this is like my husbands bad conceit,
Haue you ore-reachd me Flower, you crafty fox?
This is your doing, but for all your sleight
He crosse you if my purpose hit aright.

Fra. Tut, tell not me sir, for my credite and reputation is as
it is, and theres an end : if I shall haue her, why so.

Master Flo. Sir, the conceit is doubtfull, giue me leaue but
to consider of it by my selfe.

Fran. With all my heart,

Mistris Flo. Master *Golding*, a word I pray sir,
You know my daughter *Phillis*, doe you not?

Fran. Mistris, I doe.

Mistris Flo. She is a starre I tell you.

Frank. She is no lesse indeede.

Mistris Flo. I tell you sir vpon the sodaine now,
There came an odde conceit into my head,
Are you a batcheller?

Fran. I am indeede.

Mistris Flo. And are not you promised?

Frank. Not yet belecue me.

Master Flo. Master *Golding*.

Mistris Flo. Well, do you heare sir? if you will be please
To wed my daughter *Phillis*, you shall haue her:

Fran. To wed your daughter, why she loues me not.

Mistris Flo. Alls one for that, she will be rulde by me:
Disdaine her not because I proffer her,
I tell you sir, Merchants of great account
Haue sought her loue; and Gentlemen of worth,
Haue humbly sued to me in that behalfe:

The faire Maide

To say the truth, I promise her to one,
But I am cross'd and thwarted by my husband,
Who meanes to marry hir vnto another:
Now sir, to cry but quittance for his guile,
I offer her to you; if you accept her,
He make her dowrie richer by a paire
Of hundred pounds than else it should haue beene.

Frank. Why this is excellent, past all compare,
Sued to, to haue her; gentle mistress *Flower*,
Let me consider of it.

Mistress Flo. Nay, nay, deferre no time if you will haue her,
He search my coffers for another hundred.

Frank. Say I should yeeld, your husband will withstand it.

Mistress Flo. He haue it closely done without his knowledge;
Is it a match?

Frank. Well, well, I am content.

Master Fl. Why then old *Flower*, he crosse your close content.

Master Fl. It shall be so; and tis a good conceit.
It shall be so if but to crosse my wife,
Hearke master *Golding*, the conceit doth like me.
You long my daughter, so me thought you said;
You said moreover, that she loues me well,
This loue on both sides is a good conceit.
But are you sure sir, that my daughter loues you?

Frank. For prooffe thereof shew her this ring.

Master Flo. A ring of hers? tis well.

Frank. I but conceit mee,

If I had wood her in my proper shape,
I doe beleue she neuer would haue lik'd me,
Therefore since I shall haue her, giue me leaue
To come and court hir in my borrowed shape.

Master Flo. With all my heart, and tis a good conceit,
And heeres my hand, sonne *Golding*, thou shalt haue her.

Frank. Then father *Flower*, I rest vpon your promise,
He leaue you for a while, till I put on
My counterfeited shape, and returne.

Exit.

Master Flo. Welcome good sonne, tis well, by this conceit
My wife will be preuented of her will:

I would

of the Exchange.

I would not for the halfe of my wealth,
My crosse-word wife had compasde her intent ?
Now wife.

Mistris Flo. Now husband.

Maister Flo. You still maintaine the sute for *Anthony*,
Youle haue your will, and I must breake my word.

Mist. Flo. Ieast on old *Flower*, be crosse, and do thy worst,
Worke the best meanes thou canst, yet whiles I liue
I sweare she neuer shall wed *Ferdinand*.

Maister Flo. What shall she not ?

Mistris Flo. No that she shall not.

Maister Flo. I say, she shall.

Mistris Flo. Yfaith she shall not.

Maister Flo. No ?

Mistris Flo. No.

Maister Flo. Well wife, I am vext, and by Gods precious.

Maister Berry. O sir, be patient gentle *Mistris Flower*,
Crosse not your husband, let him haue his will.

Mistris Flo. His will ! (humor,

Maister Flo. Hearst thou wife, be quiet, thou knowest my
Thus to be crosse, it is no good conceit.

Mistris Flo. A fig for your conceit ; yet for because,
I know I shall preuent him of the match,
That he intends, henceforth I will dissemble.
Well *Maister Flower*, because it shall be saide,
And for kinde *Maister Berry* may report
The humble loyaltie I beare to you,
Such as a wife should doe vnto her husband.
I am content to yeeld to your desires,
Protesting, whiles I liue, I neuer more
Will speake that *Anthony* may marry her.

Maister Flo. Wife, speakest thou with thy heart ?

Mistris Flo. Husband, I doe.

Maister Flo. Doozt thou iudcede ?

Mistris Flo. Indcede forsooth I doe.

Maister Flo. Then tis a good conceit : ha, ha ;
I see tis sometimes good to looke aloft,
Come hither wife, because thou art so humble,

The faire Maide

He tell thee all, I haue receiu'd a letter
From *Ferdinand*, wherein he sends me word,
He will not marry with my daughter *Phillis*,
And therefore I was full determin'd
To crosse thy purpose, that his brother *Frank*
Should marry her, and so I still intend:
What saist thou wife, dost thou assent thereto?

Mist. Flo. That *Frank* should marry her, I haue sworne he.
And since this fall's so right, ile not disclose,
That I did meane so much; but now Ile yeeld,
(*Quail*,
That it may seeme my true humilitie:
Husband, because heereafter you may say,
And thinke me louing, loyall, and submisse,
I am content, *Frank* shall haue my consent.

Maister Flo. Why now thou shew'st thy selfe obedient,
And thou dost please me with thy good conceit.

Enter Barnard, Mall, and two Sericants.

Barn. By your leaue Maister Flower,
Berry I am arrested at your suite.

Berry. And I am glad of it with all my heart:
Hold friends, there's somewhat more for you to drinke,
Away with him to prison.

Barn. Stay Maister *Berry*, I haue brought you baile.

Berry. What baile? where is your baile? here's none I know.
Will bee thy baile, away with him to prison.

Mall. Yes, I forsooth father, ile be his baile,
Body for body; thinke you ile stay at home,
And see my husband carried to the Iaile?

Berry. How, thy husband?

Mall. My husband I assure you,
Father, these Sericants both can witnes it.

1. Ser. We saw them both contracted man and wife,
And therefore thought it fit to giue you knowledge,
Before we carried him vnto the prison.

Berry. But ile vndoe this contract, on my blessing.
Daughter, come from him, hee's a reprobate.

Mall. He is my husband.

Berry. But thou shalt not haue him.

of the Exchange.

Mal. Faith but I will, *Barnard*, speake for thy selfe.

Barn. Why *M. Berry*, tis well knowne to you,
I am a Gentleman, though by misfortune,
My ventura in the world haue somewhat faild me :
Say that my wealth disables my desert,
The difference of our blood supplies that want ?
What though my lands be morgagde, if you please,
The dowrie you intend to giue your daughter,
May well redeeme them. You perhaps imagine
I will be wilde, but I intend it not.
What shall I say ? if you will giue consent,
As you redeeme my lands, so I my time ill spent
Meane to redeeme with frugall industry
He be your counsellis pupill, and submit
My follies to your will, mine to your wit.

Berry. What thinke you Maister *Flower* ?

Maister Flo. Faith Maister *Berry*,

Barnard speakes well, and with a good conceit.

Mal. Doeſt thou loue him *Mal* ?

Mal. Yes sir, and heere protest,
Of all in *London* I loue *Barnard* best.

Maister Flo. Then Maister *Berry*, follow my conceit,
Cancell his bond, and let him haue your daughter.

Berry. Well *Barnard*, since I see my daughter loues thee,
And for I hope thou wilt be kinde and louing,
Regard thy state, and turne an honest man,
Heere, take my daughter, ile giue thee in thy bond,
Redeeme thy lands, and if thou please me well,
Thou shalt not want, all that I haue is thine.

Barn. I am loue-bound to her, to you in duty,
You conquer me with kindeſſe, ſhe with beauty.

1. *Ser.* Then Maister *Berry* I thinke we may depart.

Berry. I, when you please, you see the matter ended,
The debt dischargde, and I can aske no more.

1. *Ser.* Why then we take our leaues. *Exeunt Seruants.*

Ma. Flo. Now wife, if yong *Frank* *Golding* were come back,
To summe our wish, it were a good conceit : *Enter Phi.*
Why how now *Phillis*, sad ? come tell me wench,

The faire Maide

Art thou resolu'd yet for to haue thy husband ?

Phil. A golden *Golding*, tis a good conceit.
That golden *Golding* is but loathsome drosse,
Nor is it golde that I so much esteeme,
Dust is the richest treasure that we haue,
Nor is the beauty of the fairest one,
Of higher price or valew unto me,
Than is a lumpe of poore deformity.

Father, you know my minde, and what I saide,
Which if you graunt not, I will rest a maide.

Enter Fid.

Maister Flo. To die a maide, that is no good conceit.

Fid. Maister, where's my maister? heere's one would couple
a brace of words with you.

Maister Flo. With me fir?

Fid. No fir, with my yong Mistris.

Mistris Flo. What is he knaue?

Fid. A crooked knaue fir, tis the Cripple.

Mai. Flo. What would he haue? he hath no good conceit.
Tis he that hath bewicht my daughters heart,
He is a knaue, goe send him packing hence.

Phil. As you respect the welfare of your childe,
Deere father, let me speake with him.

Maister Flo. Speake with him? no, it is no good conceit,
I know he comes to runne away with thee.

Fid. Runne away with her? well may shee carry him, but
if he runne away with her, ile neuer trust crutch more.

Maister Flo. Thou saist true *Fiddle*, tis a good conceit:

Goe call him in, *Franks Golding*, it is he.

Exit Fid.

In the lame knaues disguise, a good conceit;

Enter Franks.

Now fir, what's the newes with you, you come to speake with
my daughter?

Franks. Yea fir, about a little worke I haue of hers.

Maister Flo. What worke, you knaue? no, thou hast some
conceit, to robbe me of my daughter; but away!
I like not that conceit, out of my doores.

Phil. Vnhappy *Phillis*, and vnfortunate.

Franks. Sir, I am content, ile not moue your patience.

Phil. Life of my lining body, if thou goe,

Though

of the Exchange.

Though not alive take me hence dead with woe. *She sounds*

Berry. In troth fir, you are too blame.

Master Flow. What? is she dead? it is no good conceit.

Speake to me *Phillis*. O vnhappy time,
Sweete Girle, deere daughter, O my onely ioy.

Speake to thy father wench, in some conceit,

What, not a word?

Berry. Now may you see, what fell impatience
Begets vpon such tender plants as these.

Mistris Flow. Now may you see the folly of old age,
Gouern'd by spleene, and ouerweening rage.

Master Flow. Speake to me, daughter.

And thou shalt haue, what not? couetst thou Gold?

Thou shalt not want for crownes, thou shalt haue all:

O was my furie author of thy trance?

Did I deny thy loues access to thee?

Speake but one word and thou shalt be his wife,

By heauen thou shalt.

Phil. I take you at your word, it is no paine
To die for loue, and then reuiue againe.

Berry. Now *M. Flower*, how like you this conceit,
Hath she not ouerreachd you?

M. Flow. My word is past, and yet for all my rage,
I rather choose to faile in my conceit,

And wed thee *Phillis* to thy owne content.

Heere, take my daughter, Cripple, loue her well.

Be kinde to her, and ile be kinde to thee,

Thou art but poore, well I will make thee rich,

And so God blesse you, with a good conceit.

Frank. I thanke you, when I leane to loue my wife,
Heauen hasten death, and take away my life.

M. Flow. Tis well done *Frank*, I applaude thy wit,
And I know I faile not in conceit.

Enter Cripple, Ferdinand, Anthony, Bowdler.

Crip. Gentlemen sweet bloods, or brethren of familiarity,
I would speake with *Phillis*, shall I haue audience?

The faire Maide

Phil. Helpe me deare father, O helpe me Gentlemen,
This is some spirit, drive him from my sight.

Frank. Were he the deuill, thou shalt not budge a foote.

Bowd. Zounds two Cripples, two dogs, two curtes, tis won.

Frank. Feare not deare heart.

(derfull)

Phil. Hence foule deformitie.

Nor thou, nor he, shall my companion be,
If Cripples dead, the liuing seeme to haunt,
He neither of either, therefore I say auaunt,
Helpe me, father.

Frank. Deere heart, reuoke these words,
Here are no spirits nor deformities,
I am a counterfeit Cripple now no more,
But young *Frank's* *Golding* as I was before :
Amaze not loue, nor seeme not discontent,
Nor thee, nor him shall euer this repeat.

Ferd. M. Flower. I come to claime your promise.

Anth. I come for yours, your daughter I doe meane.

M. Flow. My promise ? why, sir, you refusde my promise,
And sent me word so in your letter.

Mistress Flow. And so did you to me, and now tis past,
Your brother *Frank's* hath both our free consents.

Ferd. Sir, sir, I wrote no letter.

Anth. By heauen, nor I.

Frank. But I did for you both ; I was your Scribe,
The whilst you went to see your house a fire :
And you (as I remember) I did send,
To see your sister drown'd at London Bridge.

Ferd. Yfaith good brother haue you ore-reach'd vs so ?

Anth. So cunningly, that none of vs could know.

Ferd. For all this cunning, I will breake the match.

Anth. And so will I.

Frank. Why brothers, shee's mine by her father's gift.

Ferd. Brother you lie, you got her with a thift.

Frank. I was the first that lou'd her.

Ferd. That's not so, 't was I.

Anth. Catch that catch can, then brothers both you lie.

M. Flow. Yea, but conceit me Gentlemen, what doe you
meane

of the Exchange.

meane to spoile my daughter? you claime her, and I haue gi-
uen her your yonger brother; this is no good conceit: why
how now *Phillis*, still drooping, cheare thee my girle, see a
companie of Gentlemen are at strife for thy loue; looke vp,
and in this faire assembly make thine owne choise; choose
where thou wilt, and vse thine owne conceit.

Phil. But will my father then applaud my choise?

M. Flo. I will.

Phil. And will these worthy Gentlemen be please,
How euer my dislike or liking prooue?

All. We will.

Phil. I must confesse you all haue taken paines,
And I can giue but all for that paines taken,
And all my all, is but a little loue,
And of a little who can make diuision?
I would I knew what would content you all.

Ferd. Thy loue.

Antho. Thy life and loue.

Frank. Thy life, thy loue, thy selfe, and all for me,
For if I want but one, I then want thee.

Phil. If then I giue what either of you crase,
Though not what you desire, will it suffice?

Ferd. I wish but loue.

Phil. And as a friend you haue it.

Antho. I life, and loue.

I do now.

Phil. And as your friend, I vow, to loue you whilst I live, as

Frank. I aske but all, for I deserue no more.

Phil. And thou shalt haue thy wish, take all my store,
My loue, my selfe.

Fran. By heauen, I aske no more:

Brothers, haue done, and Dad, to end all strife,
Come take her hand and giue her for my wife.

M. Flo. With all my heart, and tis a good conceit.

Bowd. Gentlemen, patience is your fairest play.

Ferd. Impatience puls me hence, for this disdain,
I am resolu'd neuer to loue againe.

Antho. Stay brother *Ferdinand*, ile follow thee,

Farewell all loue, tis full of treacherie.

Exit.

Exit.

Bowd.

The faire Maide

Bow. By heavens *Frank* I doe commend thy wit,
Come *Mal.* shall thou and I aske blessing too for company?

Mal. You and I sir, alas, we are not play-fellowes, though
we be turtles: I am provided.

Bow. Provided? why am not I thy *Monsieur*?

Mal. I sir but this is my *Paris*, I am resolu'd,
And what I doe is by authoritie.

Bow. It is euen so, is *Hellen* stolne by *Paris*?
Then thus in armes will *Monsieur* mourne,
Till *Troy* be sack'd, and *Hellen* returne.

Exit.

Enter M. Wood. and Officers.

Wood. This is the man, officers attach him vpon fellonie.

Offic. *M. Flower*, I arrest you vpon fellodie, and charge
you to obey.

M. Flower. Arrest me vpon fellonie? at whose sute?

Wood. Sir, at mine, where had you that *Diamond* on your
finger? it was stolne from me, and many other Jewels, to the va-
lue of a hundred poud.

M. Flo. This is no good conceit; hath Captaine *Rachel*,
Banded old *Flower* to such an exigent?

I hope my credit somewhat will assist me;

Well, whither must I goe?

Wood. Straight to the bench, where now the Iudges are
To giue you speedy tryall.

M. Flower. Words here are little worth, wife and friends all
Goe with me to my tryall, you shall see
A good conceit now brought to infamie:

Exeunt.

A moue ment omnia.

FINIS.

